

TIGHT TWIRE

may — june 1980



PRISON FOR WOMEN

Tightwire Staff:

Tightwire Editor: Beverly Whitney

Native News Editor: Liz Anaskan

Editorial Collective: Gay Wise, Daryl Dollan, Lisa M. Knowles, Jane Billings, Anne Sebert, Kathy Fawcett, Janet Stower, Liz Anaskan

Art Director: Jane Billings

Artists: Ivette Ruiz, Janet Stower, Susan Fife, Gloria Wilson

Administrative Secretary: Lisa M. Knowles

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June 16, 1980

Ms. Beverly Whitney
Editor
Tightwire Publications
Prison for Women
P.O. Box 515
Kingston, Ontario
K7L 4W7

Dear Ms. Whitney:

Further to my letter of June 6, 1980, regarding
a letter from the Prisoners' Rights Group,
please find attached a copy of the Commissioner's
reply to the Group.

Yours sincerely,

Marina P. Drain
Assistant to the Commissioner

Attach.



June 16, 1980

Ms Claire Culhane
3965 Pandora Street
Burnaby, British Columbia
V5C 2A8

Dear Ms Culhane:

May I refer to your letter of May 14, 1980, concerning my correspondence of February 25th with the Editor of TIGHTWIRE, in response to an article entitled "Solitary is Torture".

Now that British Columbia Penitentiary is closed, we are, in fact, dealing with what belongs to history. I will, however, address those matters that may require clarification as a result of my letter to the Editor of TIGHTWIRE.

When Justice D.V. Heald of the Federal Court of Canada ruled in December 1975 that the solitary confinement cells in existence at British Columbia Penitentiary constituted cruel and unusual punishment, he did not call for an injunction or rule for the abolition of this practice. As a result of Justice Heald's ruling, the solitary confinement cells which existed at that time were abolished in the sense that they ceased to be used until appropriate alterations were made in order that they be more suitable for habitation. After these changes were effected, the solitary confinement cells continued to be used until December 1979, at which time the final plans were under way for the closure of British Columbia Penitentiary.

I agree that the exercise yard at British Columbia Penitentiary which was used for those inmates in dissociation was not the most ideal area for this purpose; however, it was not originally designed to handle inmates in long-term segregation and had to be adapted to accommodate them. This exercise yard originally formed part of an outside yard which became enclosed when the roof was constructed. Although the inmates who exercised there did not have normal exposure to the elements, there was an area which enabled fresh air to circulate.

.../2

In the rest of your letter it is apparent that you are confusing dissociation (punitive), awarded under Penitentiary Service Regulation 38(4) as a result of a disciplinary offence for which an inmate was tried and found guilty, with administrative segregation, which is not punishment but may be resorted to under Penitentiary Service Regulation 40(1)(a).

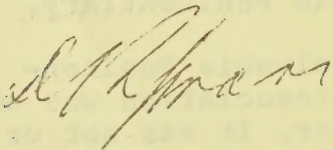
As you stated, the Disciplinary Board may not award more than thirty days of dissociation upon an inmate's conviction for a serious or flagrant offence.

Contrary to your statement, all inmates who are charged with a disciplinary offence appear before the Disciplinary Board and are allowed to present their own defence, cross-examine witnesses and call their own witnesses.

Administrative segregation inmates are not considered to be under punishment and are not deprived of any privileges and amenities except those which can only be enjoyed in association with the other inmates, or cannot be granted due to the limitations of the dissociation area. Inmates may be held in administrative segregation for longer than thirty days, but legislation dictates that their cases be reviewed on a 30-day basis by the Institutional Segregation Review Board.

I trust that this response now clarifies to your satisfaction my letter to the Editor of TIGHTWIRE.

Yours sincerely,



D.R. Yeomans
Commissioner

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I am a woman.

I know.

I know every time I see,
..through the glass of this cage,
....a child, playing—laughing
and my heart aches to see my own child.

I know every time I force my chin up,
..smile,
....and cry inside for home.

I know every time the hunger
..for male companionship
....overwhelms me,
..and I pull the covers over my head,
....hug my pillow,
....try to sleep.

I know every time I remember
..the sunrise
....or the stars
..and force myself to forget.

I know every time my soft and gentle spirit
..comes up against the steel,
..the barbed wire,
.....of living in this place,
..and the tears flow from the pain
....from the frustration.

Yes, I am a woman.

I know.

Friday

A prisoner in the California
Institution for Women.

EDITORIAL

Since the late sixties when I first began coming to jail one organization seems to always be there for us. They are the Salvation Army. Early in the morning they come back to the holding cell and inquire if anyone needs a phone call. They take the information, go and make the calls and come back to tell you what happened. In the early stages of trying to get bail for years they have offered their various houses in Toronto for us to stay in, in order to help us get bail. They have also been very instrumental in some cases helping women in the courts to receive probationary sentences to them.

Once a week they come into jail to offer a church service. Also they have various Bible Courses you can take.

At Christmas for as long as I can remember on Christmas Day they have given out their sunshine bags and sang carols with us.

Unlike other agencies I've always felt the Salvation Army has really sincerely cared about women in prison.

I would like to take this opportunity to thank them and let them know just how appreciated they are.

At this time of year the Army is trying to raise money to continue with their prison mission work. I would like to urge everyone receiving this Tightwire to please send a donation to them. I assure you your money will be well spent.

Send your donations to: Major Young
c/o Kingston Chapter
Salvation Army
54 Grosvenor Court
Kingston, Ontario
K7M 3C3

Beverly Whitney
Editor

SUPPORT HANICAPPED PRISONERS

Washington State Penitentiary
United Prisoners Handicapped Organization
P.O.Box 520
Walla Walla, WA 99362

Dear Concerned American:

The Washington State Penitentiary in Walla Walla, Washington is a maximum security facility which is operated on a punitive system. It houses approximately 1375 men. If all of the prison's population fell into the category of physical and mental "normalcy" as defined by society, this document would not have to be written. However, 10% or more of the population of this prison are physical or mental handicapped persons.

This prison is almost 100 years old and was not designed for the men who are now confined within it's walls. No special provisions have been made for anyone who is "less than normal"!

There are no ramps into any of the buildings with the exception of the hospital and inside one of the smaller wings. There are no special bathing facilities for those men who have missing limbs or other problems which prohibit them from standing on their own. There is no provisions for them in the dining hall which would allow easy access to the food and seating.

At present, wheelchairs and men on crutches have a difficult time in the dining halls and are causes for bottlenecks in the orderly flow of the chow line.

There are no provisions for special training for those men who are mentally or physically handicapped. The school, ABE/GED and college classes are located on the second floor of the education and rec building and there is only a stairway going up or down.

No provisions have been made for those men who need a ramp or elevator for access. The vocational training is located in the industrial area and this too presents problems to the men with mobility problems.

At present, there is very little that can be offered to those men who have mental handicaps. The education programs are geared to the "normal" students. Teaching aids, equipment and trained staff, adequate to handle the task of working with mentally handicapped people will require much more funding that the school now receives.

It is imperative that every effort be made to rectify these problems that daily compound the pain and suffering of those of us who are not truly able to help themselves unless we work to give them the tools by which they may become self-sustaining.

To house handicapped men in these conditions DOES CONSTITUTE CRUEL AND UNJUST PUNISHMENT. Their suffering is far greater than that of the men who have no problems and the hardships they face are far greater than the ones faced by men who are physically and mentally sound.

Continued...

Continued...

The prisoners of this institution are willing to help in any way and to work with the administration in what ever ways possible to bring about a good sound program that will benefit the less fortunate among us.

In the light of the aforementioned, we the UNITED PRISONERS HANDICAPPED ORGANIZATION, INC. are an organized group of handicapped and disabled prisoners in order to effectively articulate the needs of the severely disabled prisoners. And to work toward the improvement of the quality of medical care and living conditions for the severely disabled; to establish programs herein consisting of educational, occupational therapy, physical therapy, Vocational training, social, cultural, moral, spiritual, religious procedures and charitable, (not limited to) providing services for and with the disabled elderly, retarded, the mentally ill, and other related conditions; And to carry on and conduct research into various types of specific needs and specialized services applicable to the needs of the handicapped and disabled prisoners; To establish out-side halfway houses, work release centers, agencies for referral, training and supervise sponsors for those clients with this need.

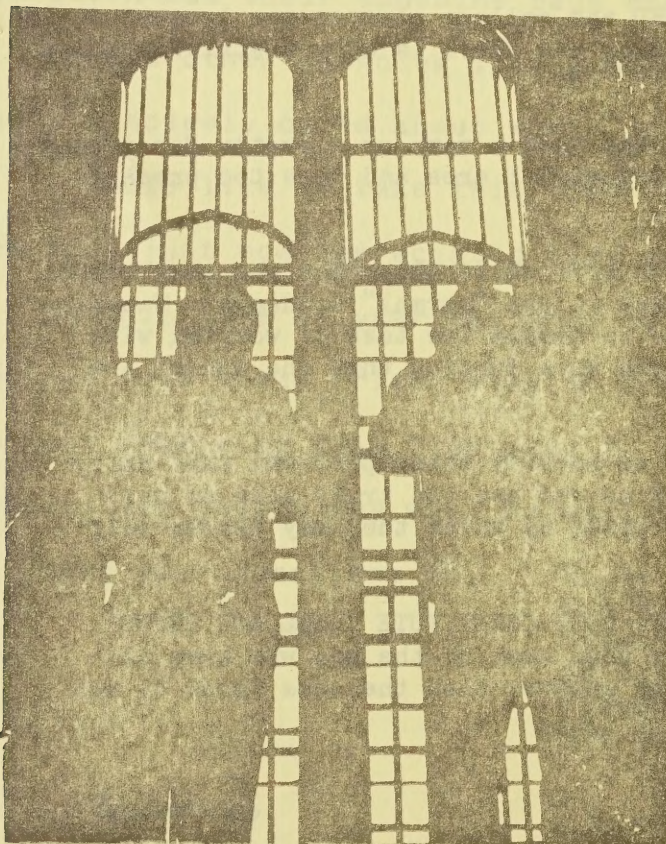
We were founded and organized in September, 1978, and incorporated by the State of Washington on June 27, 1979. But we are not recognized by this administration here in this institution, nor are we allowed to function within this institution. Mr. James Spalding, Superintendent of W.S.P. has repeatedly refused to meet with us, nor will he recognize our existence.

Because of this, we are appealing to you. We need your help...We need your support... We need to know that you know of our existence...And we need to be recognized... And be allowed to (pursue) pursue those human rights that are guaranteed to us by the laws and the constitution of our nation.

We the members of the U.P.H.O.Inc thank you for the time that you have taken to read this, our message...THANK YOU...

Sincerely,

Kemane El Yazı, Founder & National
Director of the U.P.H.O.Inc.
P.O. Box 520
Walla Walla, WA 99362



The Editor
Tightwire
P 4 W
Kingston, Ont.

Exceptional People's Olympiad
c/o Social Development Dept.
Box 190, Kingston, Ontario.
K7L 4V9
telephone: 613 546 3162

Dear Editor

The cons here at Collin's Bay will be hosting the fourth Exceptional People's Olympiad on the 26th/27th of July, 1980. This is a two day event of athletic competitions for mentally retarded people who join us inside the wall for this very special weekend. Practically every guy in here is involved either in the organization of the games, or acting as a "Godbrother" to the participants; one on one, for the duration of the Olympiad.

Naturally, we have to beg, borrow, or buy a great number of items, ranging from medals to ice cream, and we are inviting contributions from anyone interested in helping us make the lives of these kids meaningful for at least two days of the year. No contribution is too small or insignificant.

If you wish any further information about the help we need, or details as to the scope or objectives of the Olympiad, please do not hesitate to contact me at the above address. Alternatively, you can get in touch with Graham Stewart, who is the Chairman of the External Committee to the Olympiad, at 771½ Montreal Street, Kingston; telephone 613 542 7373.

Yours Truly,

Tom French
T. French, Chairman,
Olympiad Committee.



THE BOYS IN BLUE

The boys in blue,
 (Hooray! Yahoo. . .!)
 They're here to help
 both me and you.
 They're here to serve
 and to protect. . .

Well, what the hell
 did you expect?

Daryl Dollan

ASPECTS OF CARCERAL LIFE

Michel Aubin, the author, did research work in carceral law, and studies law at the University of Quebec, at Montreal.

On the 4th of June, 1974, eight inmates of the New Westminster Penitentiary in British Columbia asked of the Federal Court of Canada to declare that their confinement in the Special Correction Unit at the B. C. Penitentiary amounts to the imposition of cruel and unusual treatment or punishment and is contrary to section 2(b) of the Canadian Bill of Rights and is not authorized by law.

On the 30th of December, 1975, Judge Darrel V. Heald of the Federal Court of Canada ruled in favour of all the plaintiffs, except one. This case is known as the McCann affair, and interested a great many inmates across Canada.

This case shows the arbitrary and discriminatory nature of the powers conferred to the Penitentiary Administration, powers which ineluctably lead to abuses. Here is how John Emmet McCann and his companions ended up in the Special Correction Unit of the Penitentiary. As per article 2.30 of the regulations on the running of penitentiaries, the administration can forbid one or more inmates from mingling with the other inmates. The text reads:

- 2.30. (1) Where the institutional head is satisfied that:
- (a) for the maintenance of good order and discipline in the institution, or
 - (b) In the best interests of an inmate, it is necessary or desirable that the inmate should be kept from associating with other inmates he may order the inmate to be dissociated accordingly, but the case of every inmate so dissociated shall be considered, not less than once each month, by the Classification Board for the purpose of recommending to the Institutional Head whether or not the inmate should return to association with other inmates.
- (2) An inmate who has been dissociated is not considered under punishment unless he has been sentenced as such and he shall not be deprived of any of his privileges and amenities by reason thereof, except those privileges and amenities that
- (a) can only be enjoyed in association with other inmates.
 - (b) cannot reasonably be granted having regard to the limitations of the dissociation area and the necessity for the effective operation thereof.

So, without having ever been told that they had broken a rule and without due representation before an impartial court that could order their dissociation: John Emmet McCann was in the Special Correction Unit at B. C. Penitentiary under administrative dissociation between January, 1967 and May of 1974 for a total of 1,471 days (4 years and 11 days)—one continuous period of 90 days, another of 80 days, another of 754 days (July 23rd, 1970 to August 14th, 1972—or 2 years and 24 days), another of 66 days and another of 342 days (from June 4th, 1973 to May

9th, 1974); Donald Oag spent some 628 days in administrative dissociation in the B. C. Pen. of which 573 days were spent continuously (Jan. 17, 1973 to August 12, 1974); Melvin Miller spent approximately 343 days in administrative dissociation; Jake Quiring spent approximately 231 days (from November 16, 1973 to July 4, 1974); Walter Dudoward spent approximately 106 days; Ralph Cochrane, 552 days and Andrew Bruce, 793 days.

The McCann affair, a judgement of 56 pages in length, highlights the conditions of detention, and their effects on the individual. Andrew Bruce said that the Solitary Confinement Unit (referred to by some as the SCU and by others as "The Penthouse") has 44 cells, divided into 4 tiers containing 11 cells each. E tier is used primarily for those in protective custody, F tier primarily for those under punitive dissociation, G tier primarily for those inmates under psychiatric care and H tier for those inmates under administrative dissociation. The cells in H tier are described as follows: 11'2" by 6'6" in size; the occupant sleeps on a cement slab 4" off the floor covered by a sheet of plywood and a 4" thick foam mattress. He is issued with 2 blankets, 2 sheets, a pillow case and a foam rubber pillow. The room contains a combination toilet and washbasin. In the wall there is an air vent and a radio outlet. The cell is lit by a light in the ceiling in the centre of the cell. The light is on 24 hours a day but is dimmed somehow at night. Bruce described it as being somewhat like a high and low beam on a car. He also said: "You never get used to the light." The ventilation was always either too hot or too cold—usually too hot in the summer and too cold in the winter. The radio was restricted to two channels. The inmate was only allowed to shave twice a week, usually with cold water; the average exercise per day out of the cell was only 40 minutes and that was confined to walking up and down the corridor of H tier (about 75' in length) and there was no fresh air exercise available. When the inmate left his cell to pick up his meal tray at the end of the corridor the guards would point their rifles at his head and would make disparaging remarks. Dr Stephen Fox, a professor of Psychology at the University of Iowa, also gave expert evidence on behalf of the plaintiffs. When asked to comment on the presence of the 24 hour light, he said, ". . .continuous illumination without variation is the same as no illumination. . . It is the removal essentially of all possible variation in the environment. It is something that is employed in international torture. . . It is designed, I believe, not so much for security purposes, but to reduce again the individual to that condition where there is no conceivable human resistance, where they represent essentially nothing. . . To come to have no meaning, to come to be nothing is essentially the greatest human suffering. That is to say it ultimately leads to insanity and suicide. So the demand for ultimate and total compliance is to create a creature that has no respect for your life. . I am trying to say that a person comes to have no dignity, no self-respect, no identity, you are faced with the most violent, the most dangerous possible human being. You can't reduce men to that. You risk your own life to reduce them to that. . . There is an area you do not want to enter, and that is to move to the place where you have eliminated all possible dignity."

The cell is made of 3 gray cement walls with the entrance consisting of a solid steel door having a 6" window. It was through this "window" that McCann, Bruce and Miller were gassed. The inmates in segregation are led to their visits manacled and are separated from their friends or relatives by thick glass partitions, as opposed to the open visits which other inmates enjoy.

We must limit ourselves as to the description of the detention conditions, so that we may look at its effects.

In the cell-block which housed the plaintiffs, there was one inmate who needed psychiatric care. Andrew Bruce described an incident where Bellemaire set fire to himself. He said Bellemaire continually complained about having "a machine in his head". He was in the adjoining cell, when Bellemaire committed suicide by hanging himself in April, 1974. Bruce was not allowed to testify during the inquest into the circumstances surrounding this inmate's death. Bruce said of another prisoner who was cracking from the isolation: "When McCaulley went to pieces I went a little crazy too, because I saw what it was doing to my friends. I saw myself start to slide and then I 'slashed' myself on several occasions." When asked to describe the effect of solitary confinement of him, he said: "You get twisted about it. Your frustration turns to hate towards the guards and all the people who keep you there." He said that he hallucinated the last time he was in the SCU. On that occasion, he was in solitary continuously from November of 1972 to December of 1974, a two year period. He described his hallucinations in this manner: "You see things and people you know aren't there. You try to tell yourself it isn't happening." He said that he attempted suicide on three occasions in the fall months of 1974 and that when he was in solitary, he found it impossible to concentrate enough to read and when he did try he would be able to read just a few words and then had to chase the rest of the sentence around the page. When he returned from solitary to the general population, he had great difficulty "fitting in". He said: "You don't laugh at the things they laugh at." However, he observed: "Your hate helps you to cope."

Ralph Cochrane said of the guards: "They use psychology on you--they try to mold individuals to react their way because it justifies their concept. They play this brainwashing game." He added: "My feelings of hostility will never leave but I fight it because I realize my own bed of bitterness can destroy me." He said the most difficult thing for him in his solitary confinement was the fact you did not know why you were there, or for how long.

Walter Woodward said he "heard voices" for a time and Jake Quiring's general comment about the B. C. Penitentiary was "this is a laugh--they don't want to help you--they lock you up and forget about you". Melvin Miller testified as follows: "If they would beat you, I could handle that, but how do you cope with insanity? . . . I can't explain some things to you--you have no idea. . .no idea in the world. . .the effect . . .I've known men to actually beat their heads against the wall."

Among the medical experts to testify was Dr. Richard R. Korn, the Executive Director of the Center for the Study of Criminal Justice at Berkely, California, admitted by the court as a highly qualified expert. He drew this comparison between isolation and physical punishment: "When you keep people in solitary long enough, they will engage in self-torture, simply to focus the pain, so, obviously, if the inmates choose the infliction of punishment, physical punishment, they have indicated the answer to that question. Physical pain, which is definite, which I can control. . .is much more bearable than a torment that I can neither understand nor control."

John Emmet McCann set himself afire in the SCU as a protest against what he considered unjust and unfair treatment. He said: "I didn't

want to be there any more. . .I wanted to get out. . .I didn't care about. . .dying." He summarized the aspects of solitary that really bothered him as follows:

1. The fact that he was sent to solitary without reason being given and with no indication as to the length of his incarceration.
2. He was not allowed proper communication with the Classification officers.
3. He was subject to lies and deceit, "they don't tell the truth—they put you off and don't give real reasons."
4. He was much affected by the self-mutilation of the other inmates and by the death of Bellemaire.

He said he was getting close to a similar state himself: "They were killing us mentally, not physically." He expressed the view that an inmate returning to the general population from solitary was a "marked man" so far as the guards are concerned.

To conclude the expert evidence that was given during the trial, we have chosen that of Dr. Stephen Fox: "The facility is simply a standard strip cell, a concrete vault in which people are buried. I think my feeling is that it is among the worst possible isolation units, in the style in which it is administered, and the mode in which it is conducted. There is a loss of something else in these people produced by this condition which is never recoverable, and I say that with total conviction and what is lost is the ability to love."

In March 1976, three months after the McCann affair, 14 inmates of St. Vincent de Paul Penitentiary in Quebec, undertook action to get their cases revised so as to get out of segregation. The action began the 26th of March 1976: the inmates in segregation at Cell Block I started to hit the bars with everything they could get their hands on. This nocturnal noise is supposed to irritate the guards and to keep awake those in protection (they cannot report to work the following day because they haven't slept at all). The inmates threw into the wing all sorts of objects that were in the cells together with water, food, urine and excrements. The authorities reacted by refusing to serve meals from Monday night until the Wednesday evening supper. In a decision without precedent, the reasons invoked were that it was unhygienic. In a service note, it was written: "You have rendered the wing so filthy that the doctor has recommended that no food be served in this wing. There is a danger that the food could be contaminated by exposure to the foul atmosphere and the consumption of this food could be nefarious to your health. We do not refuse to feed you, but we do refuse to make you sick."

The sight offered by the wing is so repulsive, that the guards in charge of security in the Segregation Block take pictures. Representatives of the guards' Union also take pictures of the guards working in the wing. The odor emanating from the area is so foul that the guards decided to wear gas masks. The authorities cut off tap water in the cells of two inmates for five days: they had to drink from the toilet bowl.

Medication was not given to sick inmates during those five days in

flagrant disregard of medical prescriptions to that effect. In this group of inmates, one is stricken with a pulmonary illness for two years now, others need medication for psychiatric disorders. On Wednesday, all this put to an end as five inmates were transferred to the isolation ward, "The Hole", arbitrarily, without representation before the disciplinary committee. The inmates had a defence to submit: refusal by the authorities to give out revision notices, to serve meals, to give medication, to turn on running water, to allow exercise, to allow showers.

Decidedly, nobody had understood anything and the situation went from bad to worse. "A man is a social creature and in solitude undergoes physiological and psychological traumas. Isolation creates in him depression and aggression" writes Francois Vincent de Fendis in the magazine "la Recherche", April, 1976.

And yet, despite all these testimonials, we can very well say, as does Yvan Illich: "Very few people actually start to realize that jails increase the number and quality of criminals and that, very often, they turn them into marginals. However, even fewer are those who seem to understand that psychiatric hospitals, clinics for the aged and orphanages do exactly the same thing. These institutions create in their inmates the destructive auto-image of the psychotic, the elderly or the forgotten child, and justify the existence of many professions just as prisons supply incomes to the guards."

Submitted by Daryl Dollan

Last month the penitentiary in New Westminster held an open-house tour for the public. The newspaper stated six thousand people had passed through the gates. Six thousand people on the first day. Where were those six thousand people on Prison Justice Day (a protest to abolish inhuman treatment inside Canadian prisons) last August 10th, and the years before?

I can vividly remember lying alone, frustrated and feeling hopeless and forgotten in solitary confinement in B. C. Pen. and hearing footsteps outside my steel door; getting up to peer through the screen in my door to see what the commotion was I observed approximately eight civilians staring in at me as if I were some strange primitive creature. All I could think to say at that time was "Nice to meet you people. Next time you come could you please bring some peanuts?"

I was bitter and twisted at the sheer ignorance of it all, but at the same time I realized that these people, this small group, represented 80 per cent of all society. They had never been left alone, shackled and handcuffed, gassed and beaten. Had never experienced complete boredom or suffered months of frustration, bitterness and aggravation and insane anger that time behind such walls does to human beings.

If just one out of every hundred of those persons who made that tour were to take the time to write a letter, or make an odd visit (even once a month) and show a bit of human decency towards just one prisoner, then perhaps, prisons per se wouldn't become products of amazement and fascination to be viewed as museums or, unfortunately, but realistically, as zoos.

By Camper

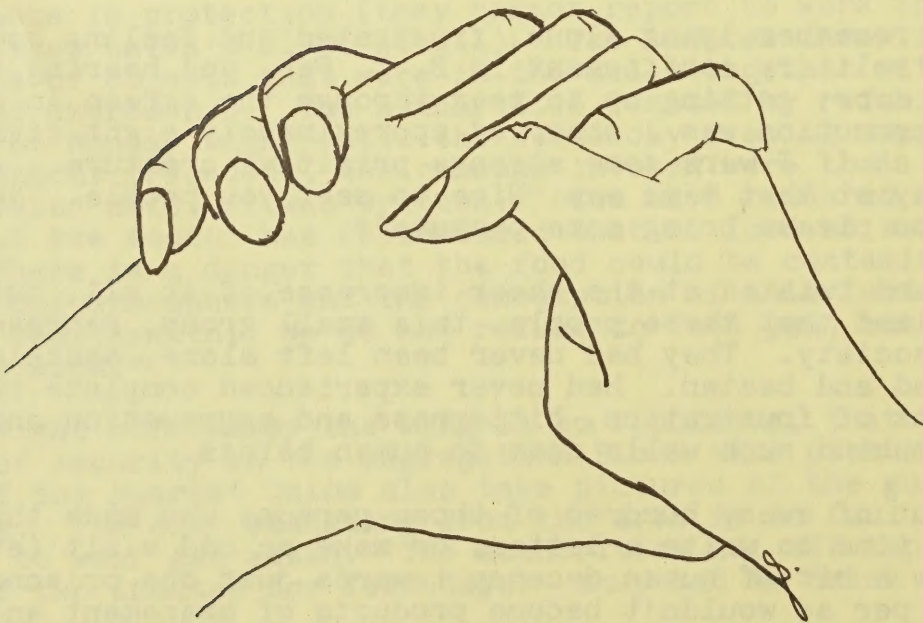
11

What is more important, friendship or love
Or can one really separate the two
Love it seems is passed down from above
While friendship is merely a point of view

Love without friendship is simply lust
Fulfilling an animal instinct within
While friendship without love is simply just
an acquaintance that could have been

Thus, one is as important as the other
Only an ignorant fool thinks otherwise
Friendship plus love equals brother
To be unaware of this is ones own demise

By Camper



HOCKEY NIGHT IN CANADA

Hockey night in Canada just isn't the same anymore. When I think of hockey I become nostalgic....I think of Ron Ellis, Johnny Bauer, Eddy Shack. I think of the days before expansion when the game seemed exciting.

There were penalties for ruffing and they were five minute ones. In those days the game was fast and clean.

Now it seems the referees call high sticking when the stick is above the shoulders.

Hockey has become not a game of passing skill but checking and smashing. Hockey violence is at a peek and its just not the same anymore.

And when I think of hockey, it's junior leagues, they still play hockey, they don't just skate and shove.

Beverly Whitner
Editor



EDITOR'S NOTE:

This is the third article published in the "Tightwire" dealing with the issue of returning the death penalty.

I would be interested in hearing your opinions on the proposed referendum to return the death penalty.

Beverly Whitney

Beverly Whitney,

Editor.

Please send your comments to:

"Tightwire",

P. O. Box 515

Kingston,

Ontario, K7L 4N7.





THE DEATH PENALTY SOLVES NOTHING

The brutal killing last week of Ontario Provincial Police Constable Duncan McAleese in Delhi, Ontario, has given impetus to the Canadian Police Associations' campaign to restore the death penalty.

That was, of course, inevitable. As surely as snow melts in the sun, policemen want capital punishment restored when one of their number is killed.

The question remains, however: Is the death penalty a deterrant to the murder of policemen, or to any murder?

There's not the slightest evidence that it is. Canada abolished the death penalty in two stages. In 1967, the death penalty was abolished for all but the murder of policemen and prison guards. In 1976, it was totally abolished.

So the last time an OPP officer was slain, in 1968, the country still imposed a death sentence on the killers of policemen. Yet the killer of Det. Sgt. Lorne Chapitis and Cpl. James Smith, the officers who were slain that year in Minden, Ontario, wasn't deterred. He turned out to be insane.

Insane persons, who can't be held responsible for their actions, are obviously incapable of being deterred by the existence of a death or any other penalty. As for the rest, statistics show that the vast majority of murderers are not professional criminals. In eighty per cent of the homicides committed in 1978, the victim and the suspect knew each other, either as members of the same family or as friends or business associates.

So the majority of homicides aren't cold-blooded, premeditated crimes, but rather acts of passion or desperation.

Executing a murderer is an act of revenge; it doesn't bring his victim back to life, and it does little to ensure there won't be other killings at other times and in other places.

Canadian parliamentarians performed a civilized act when they abolished capital punishment in 1976. Policemen and others who want it restored are asking for a return to barbarism.

Toronto Star: January 30, 1980.

If you do not choose to exercise your right to freedom, you soon lose the right to choose.

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT: THE GREAT DEBATE

Capital punishment: the infliction of the death penalty on persons convicted of a crime.

As ideas about what crimes should be punishable by death have differed, so have the methods of inflicting this penalty. The criminal has been burned, boiled in oil, thrown to wild beasts, flayed alive, drowned, crushed, crucified, stoned, impaled, strangled, torn apart, beheaded, smothered, and disemboweled. In modern times, more humane methods have been employed: shooting, hanging, gassing and electrocution. . . (we've come a long way, baby).

Proponents and opponents of capital punishment argue in terms of its deterrent, retributive, economic and socially protective effective effectiveness. The most frequently advanced and widely accepted argument in favour of capital punishment is that fear of death deters people from committing crimes.

Deterrent:

Proponents emphasize that the deterrent influence does not depend merely on the fear it may engender. By attaching the death penalty to certain crimes, the law exerts a positive moral influence in the educational process. By strongly stigmatizing these acts, the law helps to develop attitudes of disgust and horror for them.

Opponents contend that any fear of the death penalty is greatly reduced by the uncertainty of detection, the long delays in court procedures, and the unwillingness of many juries to convict in cases where the death penalty is mandatory. They also argue that statistical studies, although not conclusive, indicate that the use of the death penalty has no significance on either the frequency of capital crimes, or the safety of law-enforcement officers.

Retribution:

In favour of capital punishment, it has been insisted that the criminal should die because he has perpetrated a horrible crime, and that his execution will satisfy the public, and prevent it from taking the law into his own hands. The proponents argue that retribution should not be construed as revenge, and further add that there is no substitute for the death penalty in giving retribution its maximum effectiveness.

Opponents state that studies show no positive correlation between illegal lynchings for revenge and the elimination of the death penalty. They also add that limited enforcement of capital punishment has little effect on upholding the moral code.

Economy:

Proponents argue that it is cheaper to execute a prisoner than to keep him in an institution for life, or a long term. This is, indeed, a strong point in favour of returning capital punishment. However, it would also be expensive to enforce the death penalty. For those convicted of a capital offence, the common process of appealing the decision is very costly. Further, a prisoner committed to an institution

may be able to support himself and make restitution to his victim's surviving relatives, particularly with the new prison reform system, currently under development, and operative in some areas. The opponents say that, if carried further, the economic argument might be applied to ALL prisoners who are not self-supporting. If the argument is valid, ALL prisoners should be executed to save the taxpayer the expense of keeping them. When extended this far, the absurdity of the economic argument becomes obvious.

Protection:

A fourth argument in favour of capital punishment is that it protects society from "dangerous criminals" by ensuring that they will not repeat their crimes. The possibility of executing innocent persons should not blind people to the important protective effect of the death penalty on persons of criminal intent.

Opponents argue, and rightly so, that the majority of offenses that would be punishable by death are usually crimes of passion, and rarely, if ever, repeated. In Canada, the mandatory life sentence without parole or earned remission for twenty-five years has replaced the death penalty, and substantially eliminates the proponents argument for protection.

Every time a law-enforcement officer is killed, the hue and cry starts up all over again. . ."return the death penalty!" Let's prepare an unbiased, factual report, educate the public to all sides of the argument, and turn the vote over to them. Let's end this argument once and for all!

By Daryl Dollan, with thanks to Robert G. Caldwell, State University of Iowa, for the statistics.



THE NEW ACTIVITIES BUILDING FOR THE PRISON FOR WOMEN:

WILL IT BE A BLESSING OR A PLAGUE?

I think we would all agree that more opportunities for women (or men) in prison are needed, but is expanding the institution into a more self-contained unit really the answer?

On the surface it seems like a positive step and a year ago I would have been one to support such an idea. But a year ago I was attracted to glittering packages attractively wrapped, unaware that such promising externals can deceive you of the contents within. I was just your average Pandora, delighted that anyone should offer me a gift. (I would have bought Gramma in wolf's attire, too, had I been Red Riding Hood.)

Basically, to answer this question we must return to a much larger question and ask: what is the function of the prison in North American society? If the answer is to keep its inmates safely isolated from the rest of society, then, by all means, build as many new diversions into the system as possible. If we are kept occupied playing with new toys, chances are we might become better prisoners and cause less disruptions for our keepers. But what if you should require us to leave the playroom and attempt to function outside, in that society you've been protecting us from — oops! — or was it society that was being protected from us? (Sometimes reality is difficult to discern!) And what about the belligerent child that won't play, no matter how much you cajole or entice?

On the other hand, if it is the function of the Prison System to "correct", or reintegrate its residents into society, can a situation realistically be simulated in a prison environment to parallel the opportunities and demands of a society so diabolically different from survival within the prison sub-culture?

Wouldn't it make more sense to create more opportunities to get prisoners established in occupations or options available outside the prison walls, where they must deal with the society they must all eventually return to?

Couldn't this be a process supervised by the authorities so that inmates learn to be a functioning part of society rather than learning, as they are now, to function apart from the rest of society?

Certainly it seems more feasible to risk reintegrating an individual into the structure he must re-enter some time, anyway, rather than alienating that individual more through isolation. Why not give the inmate the option to test herself, if she has the approval and evaluation of Corrections staff, by taking advantage of the more diverse opportunities and programs already available in the community, rather than creating a huge network, within the institution, which ultimately demands a supply of inmates to justify its existence?

Before putting our ideas into action we must be clear what values we are endorsing. What price are we paying, both materially and morally? Can we think of no better alternatives? Are we sure that a new activities building is the answer? And just what was the question it is expected to resolve?

Jane Bellinger

"BEWARE OF GREEKS BEARING GIFTS"

The saying "beware of Greeks bearing gifts" is full of wisdom.

The reason that I chose this saying is that I can relate to it in some of the things I see and hear going on in our modern, technological world. In today's world almost every person is out to get what they can. Some people do this honestly. . .the hard way. Others come bringing gifts disguised as "favors", "friendly advice", and "friendship". Beware of these people for they are clever; they offer all of these, but what is the price that must be paid? These people are everywhere, in the office, next door, at your bridge club, even in your church; but don't forget there are good people, too, no matter where you are. . . you just have to look a bit harder.

The moral of this story is that nothing in life is free.

By Lynne

VISIONS

I saw. . .

Prison Wardens begging, asking who, what am I, while the second in command was crowned "Miss Thing, 1979".

I saw women prison guards roll up their sleeves, flex their bi-ceps and admire their tattoos, "Born to Raise Hell".

I saw guards in towers pulling out their hair, biting their finger nails, and finally blowing out their brains.

I saw work supervisors saying, "I am a man", while addressing a mirror.

I saw counsellors stop accepting welfare, and begin to fill out forms for a REAL job.

I saw commissary merchants refusing to profiteer, and exploit, and show their back returns to the I. R. S.

Yeah, and I saw prison chefs, for once in their life, read a cook book and leave to boil water. . .

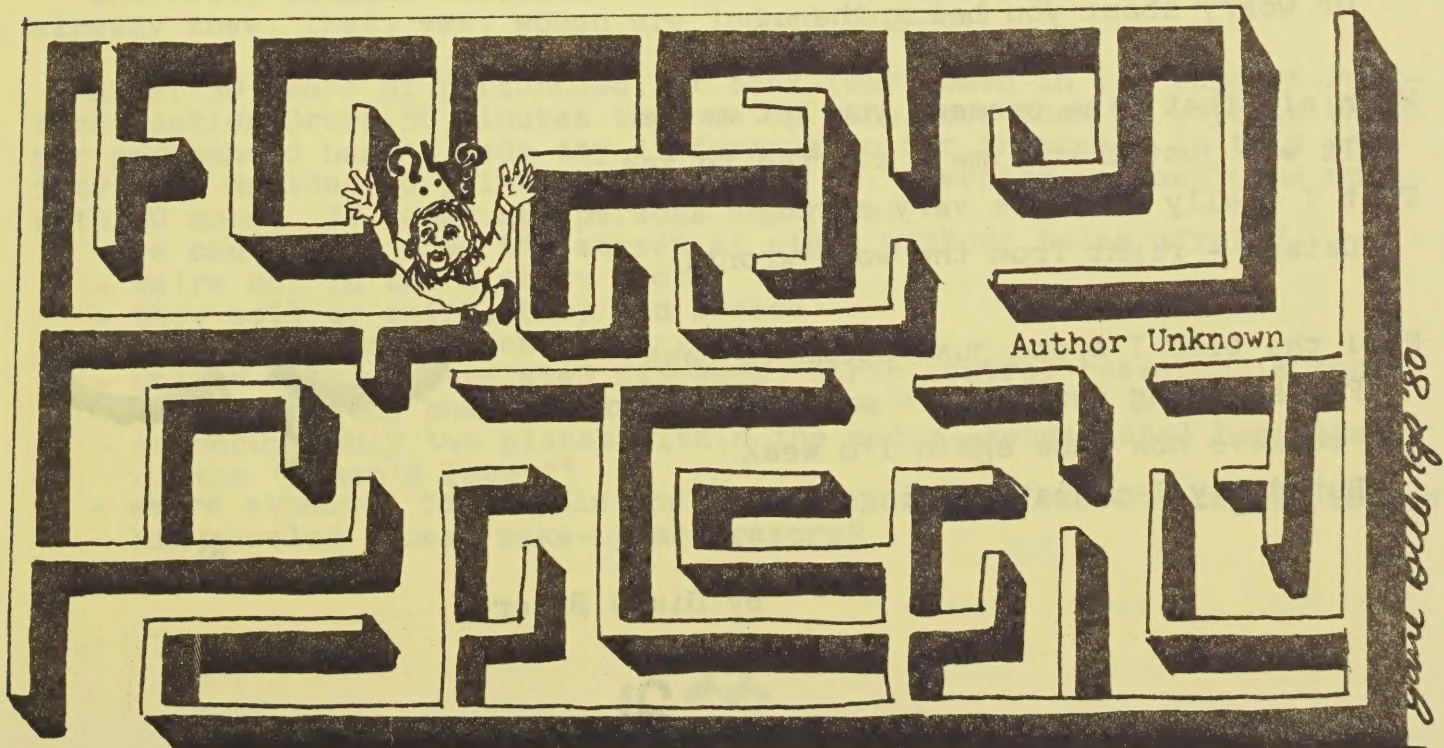
Numbers changed to six names, and orders changed to requests.

Then I awoke from their nightmare and returned to reality, where I noticed that dreams do come true, or so I was told.

By Daniel Love.

DON'T QUIT

When things go wrong, as they sometimes will,
When the road you're trudging seems all up hill,
When funds are low, and the debts are high,
And you want to smile, but can only sigh,
When care is pressing you down a bit,
Rest if you must, but do not quit!
Life is queer, with it's twists and turns,
As everyone of us at some time learns,
And many a fellow turns about,
When he might have won, had he stuck it out!
Don't give up, though the pace seems slow,
You may succeed, with another blow.
Often the goal is nearer than
It seems to a faint and faltering man.
Often the struggler will just give up
When he might have taken the victor's cup,
And he learned too late, when the sun went down,
How close he was to the golden crown!
Success is failure turned inside out,
The silver tint of the cloud of doubt,
And you can never tell how close you are,
It may be near, although it seems afar,
So stick to the right when you're hardest hit,
It's when it seems worse, that's when you mustn't quit.



Authority

Who needs it?

I guess some people like it.

Some people don't like it.

Some people like to use it.

And most take advantage of it.

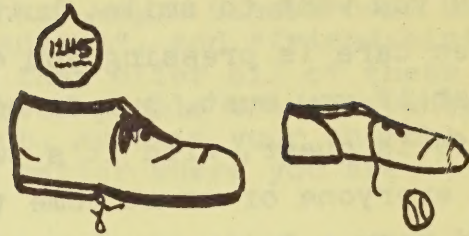
Those who like it I call sadistic,

Those who take advantage of it

Are in the same shoes.

The question is - whose shoes are you in?

Or have you ever really thought about it?



By Connie Thody

It's not my way to feel so blue

For just the sake of loving you

It's much easier not to care

Or worry about you being there!

When all that time passed, you let me be

It was just that time I started to see

That I really could be very strong

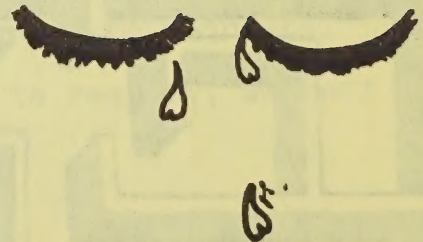
Detach - right from the word wrong!

Now! the time I spend just seems to pass

For allowing you to have me for your boss

You believe now once again I'm weak

But daily I'm just playing - meek!



By Diane Brierly

WOMEN ARE PERSONS!

Despite the fact that by 1920 most Canadian women had complete suffrage, under British Common Law, they were "not persons in matters of rights and privileges", but were "persons in matters of pains and penalties" only. They were classed along with children criminals and idiots.

The famous Persons Case battle began in Alberta, in 1916 when the authority of the first woman police judge, Emily Murphy was challenged as she heard her second case. The defence lawyer argued that since the judge wasn't even a person, any decision she might make concerning his client would not be legally binding. Although Judge Murphy's authority was backed up by the provincial government, she decided to test the federal interpretation of the law. Her platform was the eligibility of women to sit in the Senate, because only persons could legally be Senators.

For 11 years, she wrote hundreds of letters, made speeches and circulated petitions to womens' institutions. By 1927, Judge Murphy realized that a bolder, more direct presentation of the question was needed. Since any five persons could petition Parliament for an interpretation of any part of the British North America Act, Murphy decided to request reassessment of Section 24, which deals with the appointment of Senators. Irene Parlby, Nellie McClung, Henrietta Muir Edwards, and Louise McKinney joined her in the appeal.

The Supreme Court of Canada took five weeks to deliberate the question. On April 24, 1928, it was declared that women were not qualified for the Senate and were not, therefore, legally persons.

As shocking and disheartening as that decision was, the women pushed their appeal to the Privy Council in England — their last hope. The Privy Council based its decision on the wording of the Act itself: "in some sections the words male persons are expressly used when it is desired to confine the matter in issue to males". In Section 24, however, the Act stated that "the Governor General shall from time to time summon qualified 'persons' to the Senate", without mention of gender.

The Privy Council decision of October 16, 1929 legitimized what women already knew, that, yes, women are indeed persons!

After 50 years of personhood, it took four women in the Women's Political Action Group 50 minutes to come up with more than 50 ways in which our personhood hasn't made any difference to our treatment in this society. We decided to print the following 50. Perhaps you can come up with 50 more. If women are persons how come:

- we can't walk down the street at night without being afraid?
- we're not in the history books?
- they call us chick, baby and broad?
- we don't earn as much as they do?
- unlike with male-related diseases, birth control research is controlled by the pharmaceutical companies?
- we occupy only two places within the media—sensational headlines or the "Women's Pages"?
- we're expected to cripple and mutilate our bodies with tight clothes, high-heeled shoes, make-up and razors?

- cancer causing make-up, medication and feminine hygiene products are still on the market?
- we have to fake orgasms?
- we have to wait to be asked to dance?
- we can't charge our husbands with rape?
- our daughters can't play hockey?
- we hold down two jobs: one inside the home and one outside?
- we're last hired and first fired?
- one and a quarter million women in this country are poor?
- unnecessary hysterectomies are performed?
- we get fired when we complain about sexual harassment in the work place?
- so few reported rapes end up in convictions?
- we're on trial when we get raped?
- we live in fear of losing our children if we are lesbians?
- housework isn't work?
- when we stay at home with our children they call us "non-working mothers"?
- we can't get daycare when we want to be working mothers?
- we're only as good as our husbands?
- we're called the "secondary labour force"?
- we don't get equal pay for work of equal value?
- most women prisoners are incarcerated for victimless crimes or for fighting back?
- we, and not men, get charged with soliciting for the purposes of prostitution, a service that men demand?
- we lose our credit rating when we get married?
- they give us tranquilizers and shock treatments when we display healthy anger?
- we're not supposed to have muscles?
- we have to lie about our age, our weight and our hair colour?
- when we like sex we're whores and when we don't we're frigid?
- when we want to be independent, they call us dykes?
- "dyke" is an insult?
- native women aren't persons?
- the majority of women workers aren't unionized?
- the work we do for minimum wage so closely resembles the work we do at home for nothing?
- the majority of the elderly poor are women?
- we're asked "Is that Miss or Mrs."?
- we only hear about "Man and His Society"?
- it's the things that make us weak that are called "normal"?
- the devaluation of our bodies is the central theme of pornography—and it sells so well?
- we're blamed when we are abused for acting like we have the freedom of other persons?
- we don't have control of our bodies in deciding whether or not to have abortions?
- we still use male-defined standards to determine when a woman is "successful"?
- we're too fat, too thin, too short, too tall, too pretty, too plain, too flat-chested, too busty, too stupid, too smart, too mouthy, too mousey, too sexy, too frigid, too aggressive, too unfeminine, too sweet, too churlish, too crabby, too gracious, too sophisticated, too naive, and too coffee when you get a minute?

HOW COME THE LIST IS ENDLESS?

Singing



AN ANTHOLOGY OF WOMEN'S WRITING FROM CANADIAN PRISONS

Bernice Lever has done for women writers what no other woman has. . . realizing no funds would be allotted for women in prison, she and the Richvale Writers Club set out to publish our works.

They received grant money in 1975 and began to collect poems and articles. The book will be on shelves soon, at a cost of \$5.95. It is published by Highway Book Shop, Cobalt, Ontario, POJ 1C0.

The royalties from this book she is also going to use to help women; there will be an Annual Writing Competition. When she was here last week she told us her group would advise us about our writing and help us get published.

During the time Bernice was compiling the Anthology, she also taught a Creative Writing Class at Vanier. Ms. Lever is an accomplished poet and teacher. She teaches a Creative Writing Course at the Ontario College, and an Essay Writing Course at York University. She also edits Waves.

We wish her great success with her writing career and thank her very much for caring.

Beverly Whitney

Beverly Whitney, Editor.

REVIEW

RICHVALE WRITERS EDITED ANTHOLOGY

"SINGING" SHOWS STRAIN BEHIND PRISON BARS

"Singing", a collection of writing from women prisoners, is a work of complexity and energy. It belongs on coffee tables, library shelves, and, especially, in schools. Thanks to the use of certain four-letter words as commonly uttered outside prisons as within, it will undoubtedly and unfortunately not become standard fare in high schools.

That the book was produced at all is due to well-known writer Bernice Lever and the Richvale Writers Club. Motivated by International Women's Year, Lever persevered in getting funding and official co-operation for the book. Receiving the co-operation of the women was no easier. Receive it she did, as the letters, poems, personal reminiscences and stories in "Singing" show.

Not surprisingly, a strain of loneliness, rage and frustration run throughout most of the writing. Interesting too is a decided lack of self-pity displayed by the prisoners. Feelings of violence emerge; violence toward society (as in the poem "Some Day") and violence inflicted by that same society (see Prison: An Initiation). According to Gale C. - J.: "Once you're sentenced, honey, that is it! Your life is no longer your own. You're just excess weight burdening the country's already overworked budget. And don't ever think you're anything more." No one feels the differences between those on the outside and the prisoners more acutely than the prisoners themselves.

We read of the psychological destruction and indignity of arrest and incarceration in Prison: The Initiation and "What Is Left?"; of the monotony of prison routine and the intense longing for physical freedom and an unregimented life-style. "It's like you're not even doing time when you're asleep", writes Caro W. We learn of the inner awareness that can grow out of the pain and confusion of the prison experience. And through it all, there is stubborn optimism. In "Still Blooms", Maria H. tells of the loneliness and darkness that turn all prison days into one long night. "I struggle through the abyss of dark emptiness/ To find myself back again in the daylight."

Like good newspaper headlines, many of the titles capsule the stories that follow: "Psyche Of A Bank Robber"; "Not Much Lesbianism In Prison"; "Reformed Alcoholics And Drug Abusers Are People Too"; and "What It Means To Be A Drug Addict"--"hell, loneliness and fear."

Statistical Data on Canadian Women's Prisons and information on prison support groups are included in the anthology. But it is the prisoners themselves who educate, move and entertain us through their articulate, unsophisticated writing. The book concludes with a piece titled "Why Prisons At All?" There is no need to question "Why this book at all?"

By Mary Preston

Thornhill Month, May, 1980.

THE MAGDALENE'S STORY

HE CAME. That's all I know, He came!
When evening shadows darkly fell athwart
The stony pavement of the lonely street,
I felt the damps of night upon my heart.
Gray, dismal clouds draped low the darkening sky;
Deep in my soul sin left its bitter smart;
Hot, blinding tears came flooding to my eye.
And then He came! I heard the footfalls of His Holy feet
Against the pavement of the quiet street.

HE KNEW. That's all I know. He knew!
His face was kindled with a look of love
So great and true that my weak heart grew strong!
Before His presence I could only kneel!
When on my head He placed a healing hand,
I could not see His face, but I could feel
His virtue flood my soul. A soft breeze fanned
My throbbing head. He did not storm nor chide me for the fall;
He drew me to Himself, and that was all.

HE SPOKE. That's all I know. He spoke!
His voice was soft and low. It brought me rest.
I knew that He had missed me — missed my love;
For there was sadness in His tender word
Of pardon as it trembled to my ear.
A wondrous impulse in my bosom stirred;
Had strain of some bright angel's song come near?
My Master spoke. The brassy skies were rent above my head;
It seemed I had been ransomed from the dead!

HE LOVED. That's all I know. He loved!
Suppose a flame of wrath had swept His face?
Or God's vast thunder should have filled His voice?
He might have cried stern judgements on my home,
Or called the fire from off the great, white throne
On my dark, tangled garden in the gloam,
So weird and spectral, with weeds overgrown—
And been most just! Instead, He did not speak of my disgrace;
He only brought me back to God's embrace.

HE HELPS. That's all I know. He helps!
Still down the quaint and narrow street He comes
To visit, when the day grows old and gray,
When evening star sets out its modest lamp.
Through day and night I hear His faithful feet
Walk softly in the home. And should I tramp
To distant towns and tread some tangled street
I meet Him there. He helps me daily to beat back the night;
He leads me safe to everlasting light.

He came, He knew, He spoke, He loved, He helps. That's all I know.
And it is all we need.

By Philip Jerome Cleveland
From the Chicago War Cry

WHO AM I?

Who am I? They often tell me
I would step from my cell's confinement
calmly, cheerfully, firmly,
like a squire from his country-house.

Who am I? They often tell me
I would talk to my warders
freely and friendly and clearly,
as though it were mine to command.

Who am I? They also tell me
I would bear the days of misfortune
equably, smilingly, proudly,
like one accustomed to win.

Am I really then that which other men tell of?
Or am I only what I know myself,
restless and longing and sick, like a bird in a cage,
struggling for breath as though hands were compressing my throat,
yearning for colours, for flowers, for the voices of birds,
thirsting for words of kindness, for neighbourliness,
trembling with anger at despotisms and petty humiliation,
tossing in expectation of great events,
powerlessly trembling for friends at an infinite distance,
weary and empty at praying, at thinking, at making,
faint, and ready to say farewell to it all?

Who am I? This or the other?
Am I one person today and another tomorrow?
Am I both at once? A hypocrite before others,
and before myself a contemptibly woebegone weakling?
Or is something within me still like a beaten army,
fleeing in disorder from victory already achieved?

Who am I? They mock me, these lonely questions of mine.
Whoever I am, thou knowest, O God, I am thine.



Dietrich Bonhoeffer
Tegel Prison
Berlin, Germany
1944

ART AT THE PRISON FOR WOMEN

"One may do whate'er one likes in art: the only thing is to make sure that one does like it."

Robert Browning.

Every Wednesday morning the artists in the Prison for Women meet for art instruction. The course is a high school credit course, and involves a mixture of crafts: drawing and painting, printmaking and film.

During the last few months the class has been learning the art of batik; a technique of dyeing material with wax as a resist. The women produced many beautiful pieces of cloth, which they used for wall hangings, skirts, blouses and pillow cases.

The students have also learned other craft techniques, such as embroidery, rug hooking and mosaics. In each case the student created her own design or pattern.

On a more limited basis, some women have been exploring silkscreen and weaving. The silkscreen inks can be used on cloth, and we hope to be producing our own T-shirts creations in the near future.

As a class, the women have also been learning about colour mixing and tone. Probably the most difficult (and the least popular) lessons were in life drawing. Life drawing is drawing from a live model. The women took turns posing for each other and the resulting drawings were . . . interesting? Portraiture was studied, using conte chalk, which was also an exploration in tone. Several paintings have been done using acrylic paint. The students did a fairly realistic still life, as well as a more abstract monochromatic blow-ups from newspapers pictures.

During the next few months, the art class will be involved with new projects, such as water colour painting, perspective drawings, macrame and perhaps a study in eight millimetre film. Visiting artists will also be coming in to teach a class in their area of specialization.

Every one is welcome to attend these classes. Come to the school Wednesday mornings if you are interested.

Anne Sebert

Anne Sebert

Art and English Teacher

"It is through Art, and through Art only, that we can realize our perfection; through Art and Art only, that we can shield ourselves from the sordid perils of actual existence."

Oscar Wilde.



A CONVICT'S LETTER TO HIS MOTHER: ON LIFE IN 'THE BIG HOUSE'

Dear Mother;

Since I came up here to Ontario I have had nothing but luck. I must tell you about the wonderful place I have found, and how I came to get here.

First of all, I arrived in the big city of Toronto on Saturday morning. I met some friends in a bar and we had many drinks. Well momma, I ran out of money and decided to go home.

But then one of the men handed me a book and said I could get all the money I wanted with it. The name of the book was Royal Bank of Canada. I'd never heard of it before but the man said I could buy whatever I wanted to with it and that I did not have to pay cash. He said he would show me how easy it was.

We went to a store and we saw a color T. V. set. He made out a page of the book to a man named Robert Simpson Ltd. We got the T. V. and we took it to the hotel. A man gave us \$100 for it, so we drank some more. After our money was gone I took my book to the same store and all I had to do was sign my name and I got whatever I wanted. It sure was fun, momma. I had 17 T. V. sets from different stores and a pocket full of money.

The guy who gave me the cheque book said to be very careful or I would end up in "The Big House". I told him I'd always wanted to live in a big house because our house down home was too small. Well momma, I got my wish. The Toronto police came into a store while I was there and took me to a police station. They said I could wind up in The Big House for writing bad cheques. I told them I like big houses and was willing to go. The cop said the judge would help me to get there. See how good they were to me, momma?

I figured for two cops and a judge to help me find a big house would cost me a fortune, but they never asked for one cent. They even drove me to a place called The Don, and gave me a shower and clean clothes. The shirt was too big, momma, and I asked for one that would fit me. When I did, the man said: "Shut up, you are getting all this for nothing and the taxpayer is paying for it". I figured beggars can't be choosers, so I took it.

I stayed overnight and they took me to a big office the next morning. The cop said the man in a long black dress was the judge. Some other man called my name. I was afraid he would forget it because there were so many people there. He read out all the charges against me and asked me if I was guilty. I said: "I'll tell you if you keep your promise to send me to a big house". He assured me he would, so I said: "Yes, I did it". And he told me I could go to the big house for two years.

The next morning two men came and put handcuffs on several of us. I guess they were afraid one of us might get lost along the way and sue the judge for false promise. They took us through a big gate with high walls and, momma, was it ever a big house. The iron gate was well locked and a man sat up there all night just to make sure nobody broke in. Nobody was allowed to climb the high fence because if one of us fell off

we might get hurt.

I have a room by myself with a sink, toilet and my own bed — something I never had at home. Our doors are locked at 11 p.m. so the bogey man can't get at us. Another man comes along every hour to make sure we are sleeping well and that we are covered up warm, just like you used to do, momma. We get all our meals free, clean sheets for our bed, towels every week. Our lights are put on for us and put out at night so we can sleep.

They call us for breakfast every morning. We get free candy bars, cigarettes, pop, etc., every two weeks and they never ask for a penny.

I also have three new suits, but there is no favoritism here, momma, as we are all dressed the same. I even have new boots, slippers and shoes. Remember when we had to get our clothes from the Salvation Army?

Every Saturday, Sunday and holidays we have a movie picture and we don't even have to sneak in like we did back home. Everything is free.

Sometimes, momma, I wish you were here and I was home, but most times it is great. They told me I would have to leave in 16 months, but I will check on this tomorrow, 'cause the judge said two years, and I know my rights. They are going to have trouble if they don't keep their promise.

Well, momma, they just called me for dinner, but before I go I want to send a book for you and pappa. But you may have to go to Toronto to fill the pages out because I don't think the stores will take them down home.

Please, don't tell anybody else down there, momma, 'cause there are only so many rooms here, and they might have to wait for an empty one.

Your loving son,

Donald Lee.

The Whig Standard





WAITING

I'm sitting, sleeping, eating, and for what most people call surviving. .
I exist day to day, my mind confused. . .!
Waiting, waiting, for the special moment to be free. . .
Free of all HATE - JEALOUSY - BITTERNESS. . .
All these horrifying things taught to each other from one another. . .
Waiting, waiting, for just my own existence. . .
My own rights for being what I am. . .
A woman who feel strength, love, and cares, and who rebels at rotten
survival. . .
Waiting, waiting, for lonely times to disappear. . .
Oh, but they will still be there. . .
But maybe I won't feel it. . .so deep!

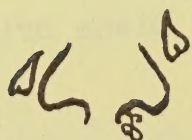
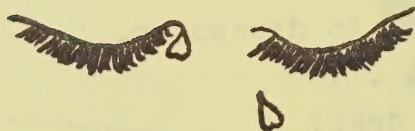
By: Diane Brierly.

I've watched you come, I've seen you go
and now, again, I've got nothing to show.
You put me down because I'm shy
and now, again, you've gotten away with another lie.
We say hello, we say good-bye
and now, again, you've made me cry!

Does it not matter what you do to me?
Why don't you just let it be?
You taught me my code of ethics
Why do you always play with it?
I am what you've made me stay
Why do you always have to play?

My life is one mixed up mess
I don't even own a dress
You taught me right from wrong
I don't even have my own song
Does all this make you proud of me?

By: Diane Brierly



THE HONEST LETTER (NEVER WRITTEN) TO THE NEW INMATE

Hello;

I am a guard, and you are an inmate. Now this doesn't mean that I want to make your life miserable, quite the contrary. And just to show you how much I care for your wellbeing, I'm going to tell you right away how it is that you should behave here. That way, I won't have to endlessly repeat to you the same things, and you won't get reported every day.

Here, you do as you're told. Now that's simple. When you are told to get into your cell, you don't try to play another move in your chess game, you get into your cell. When you're told to go to the workshop, you go to the workshop, and fast. It's possible that a guard who isn't familiar with your schedule will tell you to go somewhere while you should be going elsewhere, but that doesn't matter. Do as you're told, and eventually someone will figure that there is something wrong somewhere.

Get one thing straight. The guards here have seen every possible kind of hot-head. There is no way you can win with them, and they have all the necessary tools to take good care of you.

Let me give you an example. Here, we're at the Reception Centre. Could call it our marshalling yard. Bandits come here when they pull more than two years, and we decide which Pen. we're going to send them to. Well, the only thing you can do is try and act friendly with us. Your lawyer can't help you any more, the judge's job is finished, and he's got nothing to do with where we send you. Got that? There is you on one side, and us on the other side. And you, you are alone. You haven't got your gang with you, you haven't got your family, you haven't got your lawyer. There are no more journalists to listen to what you have to say, and the judge doesn't even know where you are. Don't you think you are better off being polite right from the start?

What I say, it's for your own good. You are here to do your time, and we are here to earn a living. So, you even have a chance, if you behave yourself, to shorten your sentence. You earn days off for good conduct, and you can even get an early parole, if the guards put in a good word for you. The other inmates will explain this to you.

If you play around, it's the opposite. Then, anything can happen to you. Me, I don't like violence, but I promise you I'll never take a chance with a convict. If I feel that one of them is up to no good, I nail him right away, and I nail him good. Oh, we know the likes of you. If an inmate jumps a guard, you're never going to defend the guard. There are even a few guys who'll join in on the beating up of a guard. In no time at all, maybe we have a riot on our hands. The only thing to do is to hit hard and fast. You're warned.

Anyway, we have our orders. If ever somebody manages to escape, it's the director who gets it from the authorities, but he sure is going to find out which guard goofed. And the guard knows what to expect. That's why our bosses give us plenty of everything we need: gas, clubs,

dogs, look-outs in the towers. But they also tell us: "Never take chances or you're through. The convicts will kill you or we will fire you."

I'll admit there may be some guards who exaggerate a bit. They push the inmates around to show who's boss, and sometimes they go too far. But even then, if you want a good piece of advice, keep quiet. What good would it do for you to resist or complain? The most you'll get is for the guard to be brought up before a disciplinary committee. So what? Nobody will believe what you say. The members of the committee are on the guard's side. What did you expect? And they're not going to believe what a bandit says. What do you think would happen if disciplinary committees ruled sometimes in the guard's favor, and sometimes in the inmate's favor? It would be a madhouse in this place and there isn't a guard who would want to continue working here. The bosses know it and they think it's cool that the committees protect the guard's interests. I hope you understand what that means.

As a matter of fact, guards can do a lot more if they feel you are a hot-head. I saw a convict who was cursing at the guards because they were listening in during his visit and laughing at his words of endearment. The guards told him to keep quiet, but the convict would still get mad when the guards gathered together and listened to his conversation with his wife. The guards decided to teach him a lesson. They moved him to the protection wing, and ever since, all the cons figure the guy is a stoolie. I don't know if you're aware of it but this inmate is so scared of getting knocked off by the others that he's real polite now. He didn't win anything either. He is in protection and his wife doesn't come to see him anymore.

The same thing goes for your letters and your clothes. The guards are ordered to read your letters and they keep the ones that criticize the administration too much. If I was you, I'd forget about criticism. Your letters aren't going to get through, and the guards will know you don't like them. Same thing for your clothes. What do you care if your pants are old, or if they're not a perfect fit? You're not going to the Ritz, you know. If you're going to be prickly over little things like that, your problems are only starting.

You have to understand the guards. They are pressured by the administration to keep the jail clean and escape-proof. At the other end, the guards have to endure the bad tempers of the convicts. It isn't our fault if the parole people say no to a con. It's true that we might have a word to say in the process, but we're not the only ones. So, the convicts are not allowed to criticize us just because they got a bad letter from the parole board. You have to learn to take your lumps like a real man. You ask for parole and the Commissioners say no. That's all. It isn't our fault if you committed dozens of crimes, and the Commissioners don't believe you when you promise to amend yourself.

Do your time and let us earn a living. That way your 25 years are going to go by real fast.

Written by Laurent Laplante
Submitted by Daryl Dollan

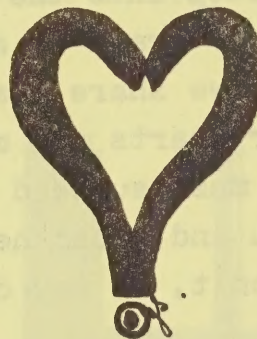
A word about the author: Laurent Laplante, journalist, was an official mediator during the strike at Archambault Institution.

Wishing and Waiting

I keep on wishing I was out of here
But since I live in a messed up factory
Full of people who are plastic with no soul,
I guess there's nothing I can do but sit here and try to smile.
And that's getting harder as each and every day passes me by.
I guess I'll just keep on wishing and waiting,
It seems that's all I can do now.

What Is Love?

What is love?
How do you define it?
Does anyone really know?
If there is someone who knows
I wish I knew them.
Then maybe I could learn to love, too.
I'm growing tired of searching now
So please send this person who knows
Of love my way.
Before it gets too late!



Bitterness

When bitterness sets into your very soul
It's hard not to show it.
When you do show it,
People don't understand why!
It's not hard to grow bitter
One can only take so much abuse.
There's always a limit to everything.
I have reached that limit with most.
But there are a few that still hold
A warm spot deep down in my heart.
Bitterness is a bitch!

Gentle stranger,

You showed me light where I thought only darkness grew.

You took the pain from my heart,

And now my heart belongs to you.

Now, we share our hearts together,

Up frosty mountains of joy and into the seas of sadness blue.

Upon a golden path we shall linger,

East of the moon,

West of the sun.

We must dilute all hate, for we have noon.

If the stars should render in the night,

We must break our swords and refuse to fight.

We shall mount our silver stallions and sing,

As we gallop into the universe.

And within our grasp is a dimension of love,

Something we share that we have plenty of.

Together our hearts and minds shall dwell into infinite ecstasy.

Together we must succeed to never falter and die.

For only you and I can help the sun rise each morning,

And if we don't, it may drench itself out in sorrow.

By James Mishelek



SOME DEFINITIONS

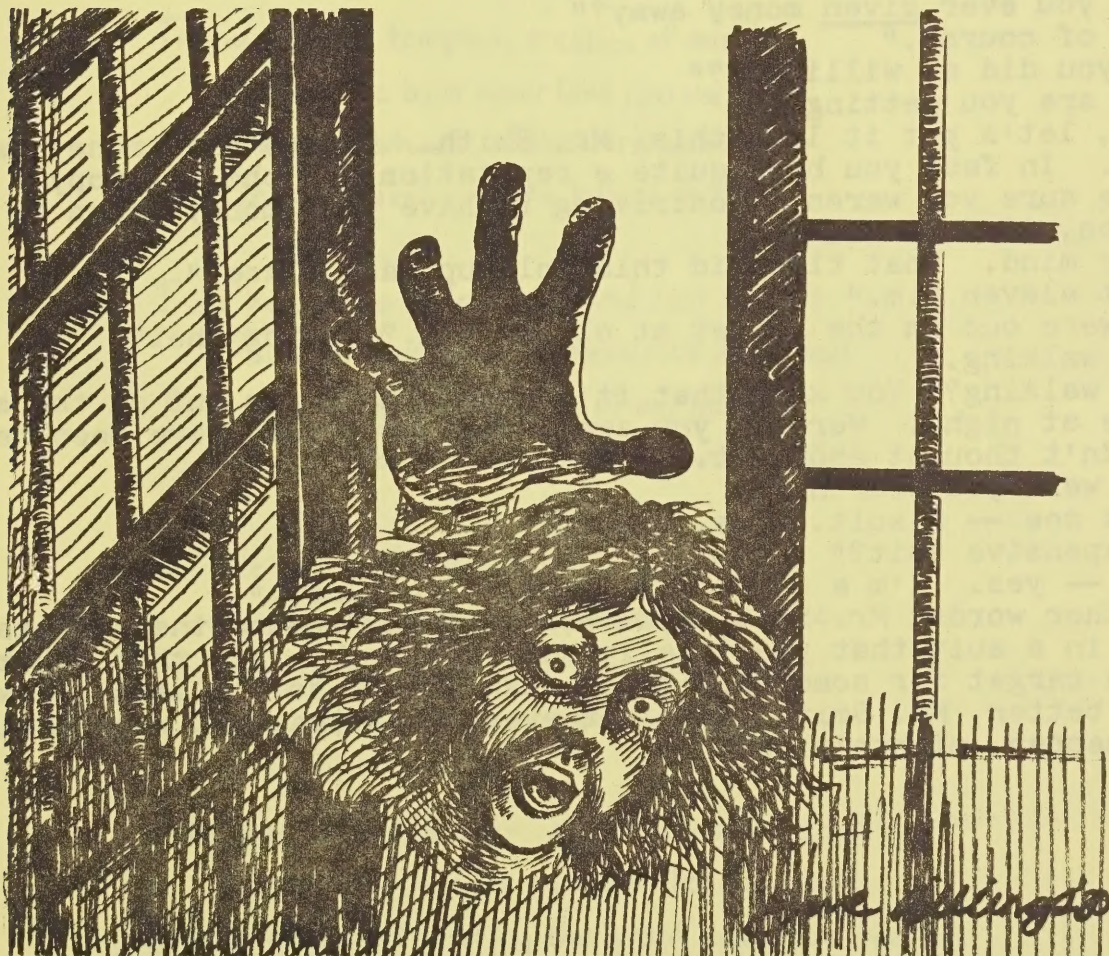
Prison: An institution where those who outrage the decencies of society are shown that no such decencies exist.

Flogging: A punishment deemed inferior to modern penal systems because it's scars are only physical.

Politics: Where men bearing guns attempt to convince others, as well as themselves, that they are not gunmen.

Meant Well: A phrase generally applied to those who use the guillotine to fight dandruff.

A Failure: One whose tongue has developed an allergy to boot polish.



WAS HE ASKING FOR IT?

Recently, Harper's Weekly carried an item from the American Bar Association Journal declaring that few rapists are punished for their crime: only one in five rapes is reported and only one out of eight reported rapes ends in conviction. In a dialogue to demonstrate why most rape victims prefer not to press charges, the article asks us to imagine a robbery victim undergoing the same sort of cross-examination that a rape victim does:

"Mr. Smith, you were held up at gunpoint on the corner of First and Main?"

"Yes."

"Did you struggle with the robber?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"He was armed."

"Then you made a conscious decision to comply with his demands rather than resist?"

"Yes."

"Did you scream? Cry out?"

"No. I was afraid."

"I see. Have you ever been held up before?"

"No."

"Have you ever given money away?"

"Yes, of course."

"And you did so willingly?"

"What are you getting at?"

"Well, let's put it like this, Mr. Smith. You've give money away in the past. In fact you have quite a reputation for philanthropy. How can we be sure you weren't contriving to have your money taken by force?"

"Listen, if I wanted—"

"Never mind. What time did this hold-up take place?"

"About eleven p.m."

"You were out on the street at eleven p.m.? Doing what?"

"Just walking."

"Just walking? You know that it's dangerous being out on the street that late at night. Weren't you aware that you could have been held up?"

"I hadn't thought about it."

"What were you wearing?"

"Let's see — a suit. Yes, a suit."

"An expensive suit?"

"Well — yes. I'm a successful lawyer, you know."

"In other words, Mr. Smith, you were walking around the streets late at night in a suit that practically advertised the fact that you might be a good target for some easy money, isn't that so? I mean, if we did not know better, Mr. Smith, we might even think that you were asking for this to happen, mightn't we?"

"For my sister this day, Karen Marie
to explain this place, of hearts misery."

"FALLEN, ONE TEAR"

BY, DAVID JOHN LENNON * Sept. 1, 1979

' Pen in hand, I write to thee
Wondrous occasion a letter might be.
Syntax and symbols, expressions of soul
Temperate regions of minds in atoll.

An island of thought, the grains of sand fall
To tip the scales balance, a lonely nights call.
Vast empty spaces of deserts we crossed
Desolation, destruction, to loneliness lost.

Trepidation of temples, trestles of mind
Bridges we built never last, so we find.
Diffident questions, of answers sublime
Obdurate feelings are killers of time.

I sit here, legs folded, my mind lost to past
Painless expression of memories amassed.
Paper and ink mixing free of my will
Threshing out dreams of freedom fulfilled.

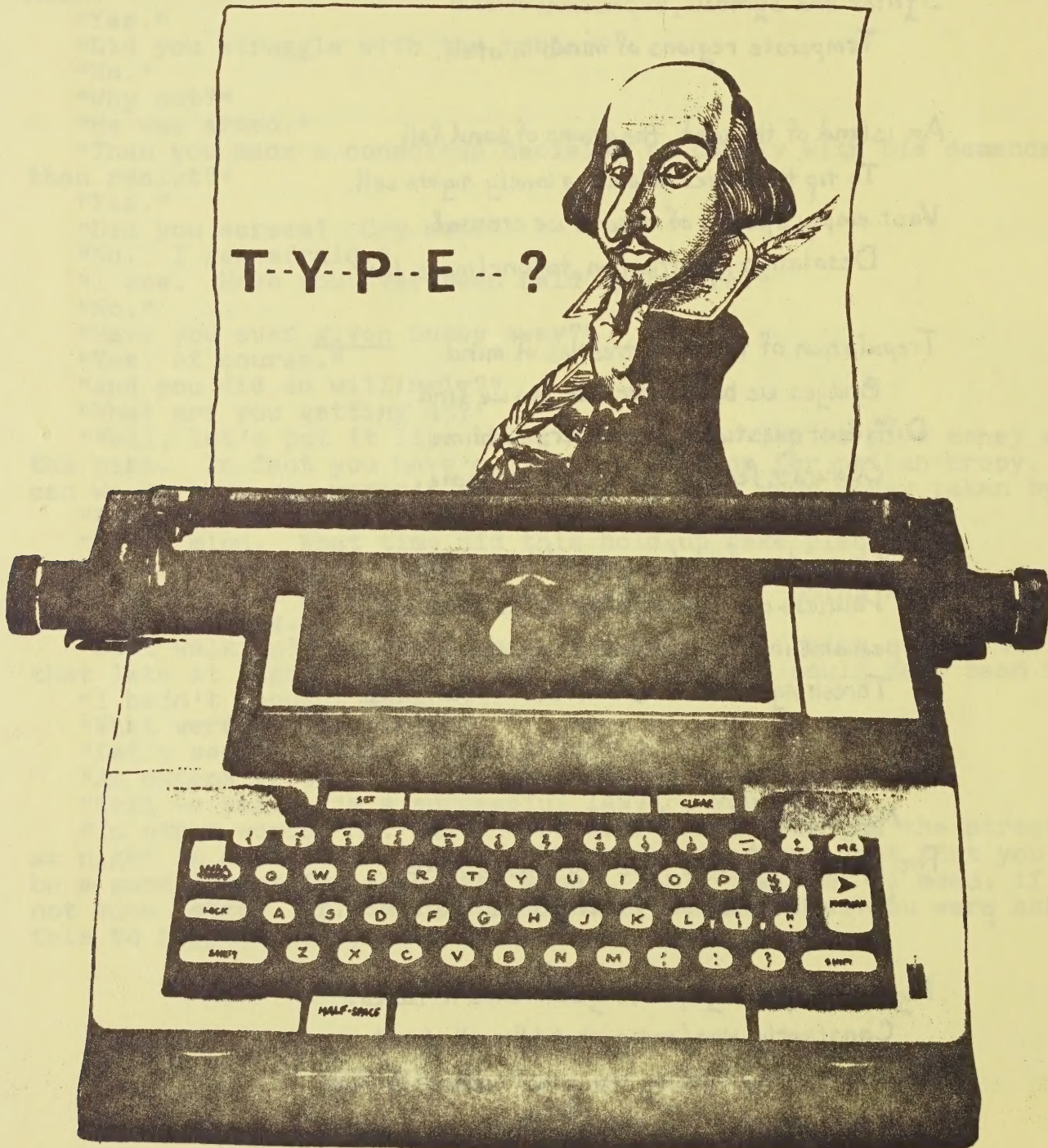
Of love and of death and all in between
My pen knows no bias, soulless serene.
The opinions I voice, the feelings I share
Somnolent summer, winters ice glare.

My heart splitting open, my existence in doubt
Constantly wondering what life's all about.
Searching and finding the great nameless fear
Imprisonment! Captured! Fallen, one tear.

SCHOOL OPPORTUNITIES

There's a song in the musical "Kiss Me, Kate" entitled "Brush Up Your Shakespeare". While the Commercial Course doesn't offer you a course on , it is possible to "brush up" on your shorthand, typing or filing skills. If you need more than a " ", how about a complete course in any or all of the above courses? Come over to the school for further details.

T-Y-P-E--?



Jane Billings '80

LOVERS

You touched my heart, my mind, my being,
A touch so deep, so unbelieving.
I feel your near me, though your far away,
We'll be together again one day.

You'll open your heart for me to see,
And I'll feel your eyes caressing me.
On the street when your eyes meet mine ,
We'll feel the passion, we're soon to find.

That night will be ours, to share alone;
A time for love, seduction unknown.
We'll be together, you and me,
And then tomorrow will never be.

So here's to you!
Here's to me!
May we never disagree.
We'll be together, you and me,
And then tomorrow, will never be.

Joanne Achilles



EDITOR'S NOTE

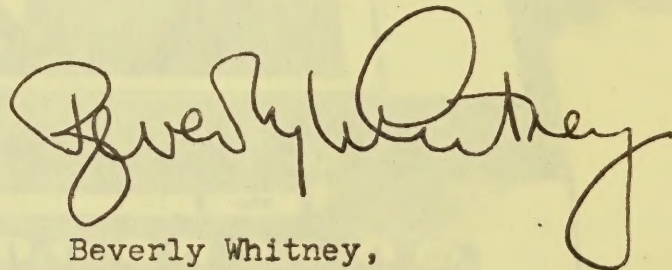
Judith Ramirez is a feminist speaker and organizer. She is Canada's leading advocate of wages for housework.

In 1976, when Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau withheld the cost of living increase in the Family Allowance, Judith was a prime mover behind the nation-wide petition protest, which I feel was instrumental in the re-establishment of the cost-of-living increase.

Judith represented Canada in Houston, Texas, in 1977, at the first National Women's Conference, and 20,000 women attended it. Reporting on CBC's "Take 30", she highlighted the resolution on welfare.

Ms. Ramirez founded the first centre in Toronto for Immigrant women, funded by the provincial Ministry of Health. She leads the National Rape Protest movement. She also helped the Toronto Nellies Women's Hostel when the staff and residents staged an occupation strike to protest government cut-backs in funding. She has lectured at the Festival of the Arts, along with Germaine Greer and Barbara Ehrenreich. She was also connected with a leading Jamaican feminist, Joan French.

The following is a text of the speech that was given by her.

A handwritten signature in dark ink, appearing to read "Beverly Whitney". The signature is fluid and cursive, with the first name "Beverly" and the last name "Whitney" clearly distinguishable.

Beverly Whitney,
Editor.

Text of speech prepared for the "Oil Workers World Anti-Monopolist Conference", Tripoli, Libya, March 26 - 31, 1980.

Sisters and Brothers;

I am glad for this chance to address the delegates to the "Oil Workers Anti-Monopolist Conference", and to speak on behalf of a group of workers whose vital role in social production is hidden by the distorted laws which govern the world capitalist economy. I am speaking of women who work full-time in the home and in the fields, whose lives are spent servicing the present labor force and nurturing the labor force of the future. We number in our millions world-wide, and in every country we are the single largest occupational group. We are the work force which cooks, cleans, fetches water and firewood, waters gardens and livestock, takes care of society's children, the sick, and the aged, and which, at the end of the week, does not receive any compensation for our work. Instead, we are told that what we do is not socially useful and that it has no economic value.

According to the United Nations' 1979 "State Of The World's Women" report, "The long busy hours spent in the home where the new generation of workers is reproduced, fed, clothed, and cared for are not quantified as 'work', whether in developed or developing countries. And... in many parts of the developing world women's work in caring for the family extends beyond the home into other productive activities, particularly subsistence agriculture, which are not considered statistically because 'national statistics cover only the commercial sector, omitting the subsistence economy in which the bulk of women's work is carried out'".

Rural women in the developing countries account for at least 50% of all food production; here in Africa 60 - 80% of all agricultural work is done by women, and a typical day begins at 4:45 a.m. and ends, almost 17 hours later, at 9:30 p.m. In the developed countries like Canada, where I live, full-time housewives work 13 hours per day and produce goods and services valued as high as \$283.44 per week by the Prudential Life Insurance Company, but like our sisters in the Third World, receive no recognition and no compensation for that work.

The fact that so much free housework is performed by women, on an international scale, has virtually identified that work with the female sex as if it were an expression of the female nature. From childhood, young girls are taught to serve others and to cultivate personality traits - patience, subservience, and self-sacrifice - indispensable to such activity. From their earliest years, young children see a rigid sexual division of labor in the home and come to think of it and accept it as 'natural'.

This cultural conditioning which makes housework appear as a "spontaneous" activity of women, and therefore, outside the marketplace, in reality has a precise economic function in the capitalist world order. It creates a virtual army of unpaid women workers which reproduce the male labor force, and its children, at the lowest possible cost to capital. For every oil worker's salary paid by Texaco or Imperial Oil, the company gets two workers for the price of one. On a wider social

scale, the company also appropriates the unpaid labor of the worker's mother, sisters, aunts - all the women whose years of unpaid toil are embodied in today's adult worker. The exploitation of any worker, therefore, is also the exploitation of his wife, his mother, etc. and the theft of their labor power, as well as his.

When people ask "Where would the money come from to compensate women for housework?", I point them to the latest profit levels of the giant multi-nationals. In Canada, in 1979, the profits of the big oil companies alone stood at \$314 million for Imperial Oil, \$151 million for Shell Canada, \$183 million for Gulf Canada, and \$148 million for Texaco Canada. The combined total towered at \$800 million, and part of that money belongs to Canada's women by right of toil.

In 1978, in Jamaica, the multi-national bauxite companies moved \$350 million in profits out of the country. According to Jamaican feminist Joan French, that money could have paid the minimum wage to all women in Jamaica for 17 years; it could have provided all primary school children with one meal a day for 16 years; and it represents nearly 9,000 times the present expenditure on day care - "\$350 million could have revolutionized the lives of Jamaican women".

Historically, the most successful claim on the social wealth for the work of raising children came from U. S. welfare mothers led by Black women in the late 1960's. Welfare is paid directly to the woman for the maintenance of her children, and represents a sizeable portion of the income of Black people in U. S. ghettos. Organized across the country in the powerful National Welfare Rights Organization, the number of mothers receiving welfare payments from the U. S. government rose by 225% in the 1960's, as compared to a mere 17% increase in the 1950's. At the height of the movement, the number of families on welfare rose from 1.5 million in early 1969 to 2.5 million in late 1970!

Johnnie Tillmon, the first chairwoman of the National Welfare Rights Organization, summed up the movement's political philosophy with the words: "If I were President, I would solve this so-called welfare crisis in a minute and go a long way toward liberating every woman. I'd just issue a proclamation that 'women's' work is REAL work. In other words, I'd start paying women a living wage for doing the work we are already doing - child-raising and housekeeping. . . Housewives would be getting paid too. . . instead of having to ask for and account for money they've already earned. For me, Women's Liberation is simple. No woman in this country can be liberated, until all women get off their knees." Ten years later, in 1977, at the Houston Women's Conference, 20,000 women passed a unanimous resolution calling on the U. S. government to recognize welfare as a hard-earned wage, and welfare mothers as workers like any others.

The impact of women's demands for a share of the social wealth can be measured by the fact that nearly 70 countries now have Family Allowance programs which put money directly in the hands of mothers. In 1974, a Universal Parent Insurance scheme was introduced in Sweden which pays 90% of either parent's wage to stay home for the first eight months of the baby's life. This was recently extended to cover full-time housewives who are entitled to receive \$250 per month for the first nine months of the baby's life. In Canada, the federal government is currently studying amendments to the Canada Pension Plan which would allow pensions for housewives who have not worked outside the home.

In spite of these partial forms of compensation for housework and childrearing, women are still performing 2/3 of the world's work for 1/3 of the world's income, according to the United Nations. The universal equation between women and unpaid housework means no women can escape this identity entirely. Even the higher paid "women's professions" such as teaching, nursing, and social work, consist of the care and nurturing of others, ie. "socialized housework". And the great majority of women are concentrated in the lower paid "female job ghettos" such as domestic work, service work, and jobs in the food and textile industries. The consequence in economic terms is that women earn only 40 - 60% of the income of men in both the developed and developing countries.

Even so, the money, and hence the independence, that women won during the social upheavals of the 1960's was cause for alarm among the leaders of international capital. The Trilateral Commission, in its 1975 report on "the governability of democracies" called The Crisis Of Democracy, identified the U. S. A.'s 'Welfare Shift' with a crisis in the stability of the capitalist system. It is a case of people "wanting too much", said the report. Austerity measures have since become the order of the day throughout the developed countries, and are directed specifically against women and our children.

In Canada, the "austerity era" was ushered in by the unexplained disappearance in 1973 - 1974 of 75 years of oil reserves! The National Energy Board went along with the multi-nationals' oil swindle and allowed oil prices to soar. Far from being "OPEC's fault", the ensuing 'energy crisis' was MADE IN CANADA and used by the government to justify cutbacks in spending in order to "lower expectations" and teach Canadians to "live within our means". The first sizeable cutback was \$220 million from the Family Allowance which, of course, came out of the pockets of the nation's mothers. Further cuts in social services, hospitals, schools, community and women's organizations, unemployment insurance, job-retraining programs, etc., have all jeopardized women's access to money, as well as throwing the burden of added work back into the home. Recent reports would indicate that Trudeau's austerity measures are working well: 51% of the children who attend Toronto's inner city schools live in poverty and go to school hungry, and 2/3 of Canada's widows live below the poverty line after a lifetime of faithful service in the home.

The efforts of governments in the advanced countries to discipline women back into submission are central to the present worldwide economic crisis. According to the Trilateral Commission, the "Welfare Shift", or the claim of women on the social wealth for our work in the home, dealt a blow to the very stability of capitalist relations. The ability of the rulers to rule was put in jeopardy: "The questioning of authority pervades society. . .it manifests itself in a decline in public confidence and trust in political leaders and institutions, a reduction in the power and effectiveness of political institutions. . ." said the Commission. Challenging unpaid work in the home threatened the very foundation of the capitalist order. It is something we must think about long and hard.

No country in the world today, including the socialist ones where many advances have been made, poses as part of a New International Economic Order the recognition of housework as productive and socially useful work. Even in socialist countries women shoulder the major burden for work in the home, and, therefore occupy the lower paid jobs outside the home. In addition, women are prevented from taking active leadership roles in building the new society by the formidable burden

of work in the home. In Cuba, where women's equality is one of the goals of the revolution, only 13% of Party membership is female, and only 6% of Party cadres and officials are women. In the Committees for the Defence of the Revolution, while women are 50% of the membership, only 19% of the national leadership is female.

Both men and women in Cuba, when asked what was the greatest obstacle to greater female involvement in positions of responsibility, replied: "the responsibility of domestic tasks and attending to husbands and children". This survey was conducted by the Cuban Communist Party, and it also compiled statistics showing that women who work outside the home also spend an average of 4 - 5 hours per day on housework, and 11 1/2 hours per day on weekends due to the accumulation of housework during the week.

I want to stress, in closing, that 1/3 of the households in the Third World are headed by women, and in another 1/3 women bring in 40 - 60% of the family income. In the developed countries, a man's wage can no longer support his family, and close to 50% of women work outside the home, the vast majority out of economic necessity. The pressures of this "double workload" and the negative effects on women, both physical and psychological, have become an urgent concern in many countries. Too much work - not too little - has always been the problem for women in both the developing and the developed countries.

The conclusion, Sisters and Brothers, is that we cannot bring capitalism to its knees without ending the exploitation of women in the home. It is the very foundation of the worldwide capitalist edifice. We need a New International Economic Order which recognizes that the multi-nationals' profits are as high as they are because women are not paid for our work in the home, and are paid badly for our work outside. We need a New International Economic Order which will build into its very foundation the worldwide struggle of women for our share of the social wealth. We need a revolution within the revolution.

Thank you.

By Judith Ramirez

The United Nations World Statistics for 1979 reconfirmed my belief that women are being ripped off. Women do 66% to 75% of the work in the world. Women earn only 10% of the money in the world, and own merely 1% of the property in the world.



Dream of my precious love when I'm away

Because I dream of you when I'm there to stay

I won't always have to check my back

Because your love will not allow me to crack

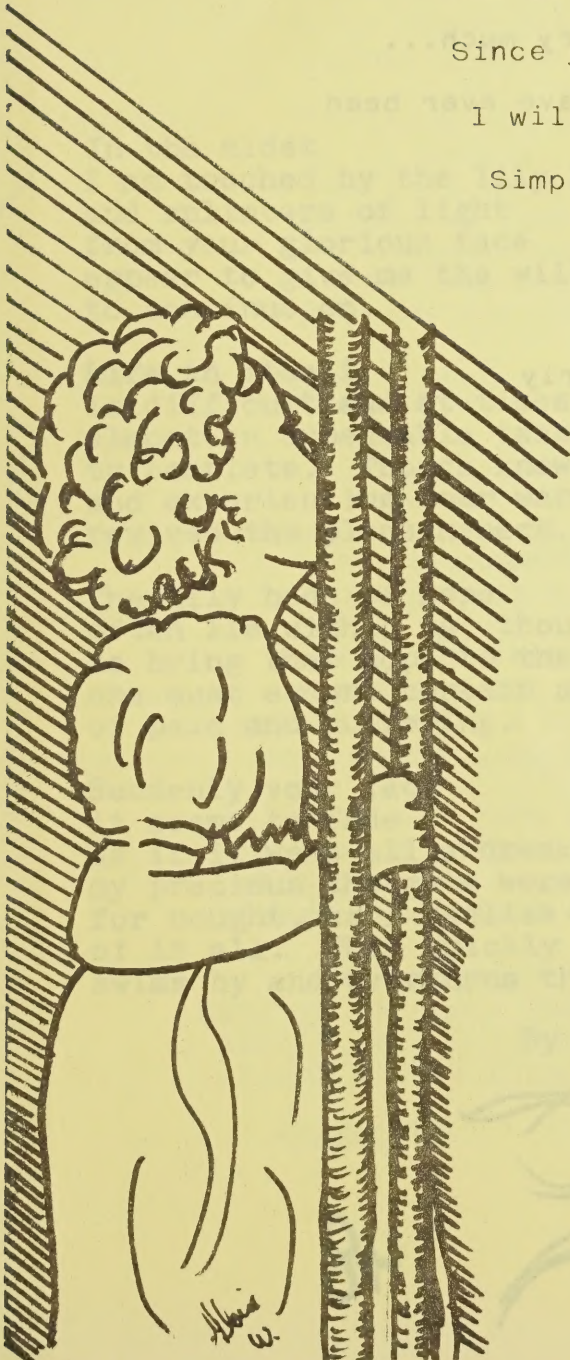
This dream will always be my own

Since you are my biggest doom.

I will never have to share it with you

Simply because you will only make me blue

Diane Brierly



You said you were right on-all you did was cut
down...

Down on people who were good and beautiful.

Your very pretty in mens eyes - if they only
saw through your lies.

Beauty fools so many people - it does not fool me.

You will hurt - for your own personal use.

I know this is true - you hurt me very much...

but I'm strong now - more than you have ever been
so take your sin somewhere else
maybe there you will win!

Diane Brierly



White feathery clouds
way up above
floating ever so calmly
forever hiding the sun

Eventually winds will come
and blow their shape away
letting the sun shine through
down upon you and me

Time rushed on
the sun, it soon set
leaving us in darkness
to await the coming morn

We touch each other closely
to fight the pre-dawn cold
and become entwined as one
in warmth, love and understanding.

By Camper

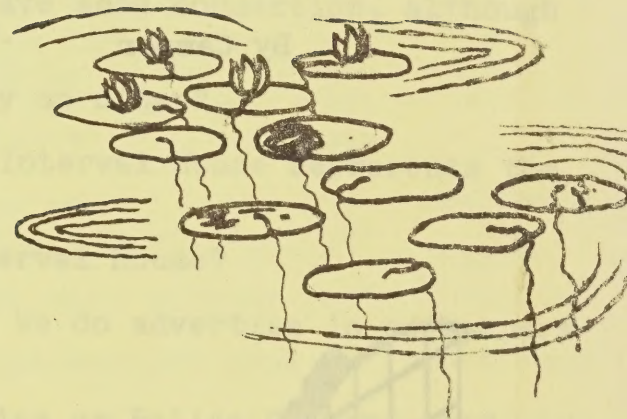
In the midst
I am touched by the lily bed
and splinters of light
from your glorious face
appear to give me the will
to continue on.

Life in itself
is difficult and at times
almost an unbearable task
to complete. Though knowing
and experiencing your warmth around me
revives the pleasantness.

The lily beds of hope
often lie within us, though
to bring that hope to the surface
one must endure certain amounts
of pain and suffering.

Suddenly your face
it seems to fade
as if it were all a dream and
my precious thoughts were all
for nought, as I realize the uselessness
of it all. Then quickly death
swims by and overturns the lily bed.

By Camper



With the needle point stuck hard
in the crook of her arm
she would soon become ugly
and devulged of her charm

Where was she going?
Where had she been?
These thoughts were blocked out
from the heroin within

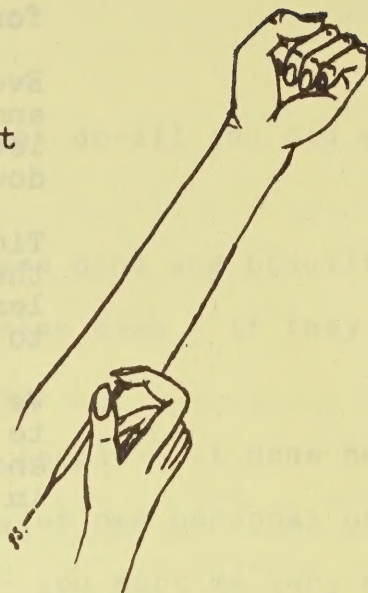
Now in a stupor
a euphoric state
her future was futile
her past a blank slate

For a few hours now
she'd become queen
the world around her
just something obscene

The crisis in Iran
and Jimmy Carter's dream
to her these were
just another U. S. scheme

If the world wanted war
that was their choice
but "leave the poppies alone"
she yelled, at the top of her voice

By Camper



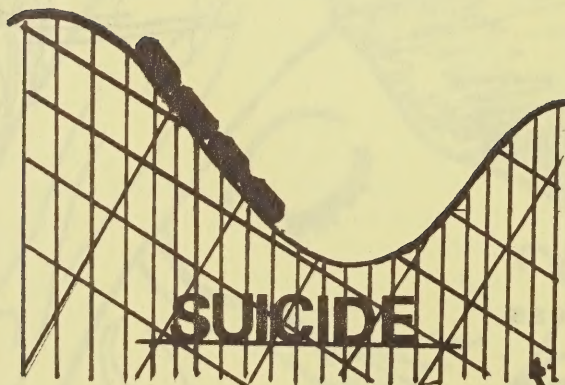
Life's a grand illusion
still there is much confusion
it's as if someone's usin'
my mind for a pawn.

I do not possess the power
to eliminate the ego tower
thus I remain a simple flower
to be picked or stepped upon.

How does one stop the ride
short of committing suicide?
Perhaps my anger will subside
when I learn more about myself.

Then maybe I will realize
and adjust the focus of my eyes
to see the world's true alibis
hidden away upon life's shelf.

By Camper



INTERVIEW: INTERVAL HOUSE

This interview is with Julia and Susan, the director and assistant director of the Interval House, here in Kingston. They are going to explain what the function of Interval House is, and how they can help you.

Question: What is the purpose of Interval House, and how long has it been established?

Answer: Interval House was established in 1975. It's function is to provide crisis housing for women who need it. These could be women who have been assaulted by their husbands, or women with an alcoholic husband. They could be women who have just been evicted or who cannot stand where they are living at the moment, and need somewhere to stay until they find another place.

Question: Does this House belong to a group or chapter of Houses located in other cities? The reason I'm asking this question is because I knew of a house in Toronto, in 1973.

Answer: The first House opened in Toronto in 1971—that was the first one in Canada. There is a coalition of transitional Interval Houses in Ontario. The Houses sprung up individually, then decided to form a coalition. That way they could share ideas and information, since they were facing some of the same problems, like funding. They do have some connection, although they are not actually a chapter.

Question: Do you meet as a coalition every so often?

Answer: Yes, we do meet twice a year. Interval House represents the Kingston area.

Question: How do women find out about Interval House?

Answer: This has been a major problem. We do advertise in newspapers and on Cable television.

Question: What about through social agencies or Police Departments?

Answer: They know about us, and do refer to us occasionally, but they are not consistent.

Question: Are there any definite people that can refer to you? Or, do you have to have someone as an introduction.

Answer: Anyone can refer themselves. Even if someone does refer a woman to Interval House, we prefer that the woman contact us herself and explain why she wants to come. It has to be her decision; she has to want to come to the House. So this is why it is preferable that we speak with her, rather than just have someone send her over.

Question: Are you funded by the Federal, Provincial or Municipal government?

Answer: We are Municipally funded on per diem basis. We also have some funding from the United Way, and then memberships and donations on top of that. So it's a constant struggle from month to month. We have no permanent, ongoing funding from the government.

Question: Is this true for almost all Interval Houses in other cities?

Answer: There are some that do not receive the per diem funding, and they are not all part of the United Way. There is funding available to start Houses. . .the government is great that way. They will give you a grant to start something, but after that, there is no ongoing funding, and that's when it starts to tumble.

Question: How long can a woman stay at Interval House?

Answer: We've had one woman stay for five months, but the average stay is two to three weeks.

Question: I see, and what services do you offer after a woman is in the House and is trying to re-establish herself?

Answer: When they come in, we help fill out forms with them. One of these forms is for welfare, so they are all filled out when they go to the welfare department. We are paid for their stay at Interval House by welfare; that's the per diem funding I have mentioned. We make appointments with Legal Aid, explain how it works, and sometimes accompany them if they feel they need us. We also make appointments with the Frontenac Family Referral Service.

Question: What about if the woman has been abused and she comes to Interval House needing hospitalization?

Answer: They usually come to us after they leave the hospital.

Question: How does welfare funding work in a case like this?

Answer: Well, it's not easy to get welfare when you have a husband, because they always try to get something out of him, and if you don't want your husband to know where you are, well, you are in trouble. It's a real "Catch 22"; you can't get welfare unless you have a change of address (like you own permanent address), if you're leaving your husband. But you can't get that address or an apartment, unless you can get welfare, so you're really stuck. That's where Interval House can help because it does give you that address from which you can apply for welfare.

Question: Is there a family counselling service available?

Answer: We counsel the woman. Frontenac Family Referral Service does do counselling if that's what the woman wants. We don't tell the woman what to do. We offer suggestions and give them the contacts, but they must make their own decisions.

Question: How else do you help women re-establish themselves in the community, insofar as re-educating them, or finding them housing?

Answer: We provide the contacts who specialize in that area. There's Beth Loughheed of the Women's Career Development, there's the Community Learning Centre, where you can go back to school. There's the Kingston Housing Authority that can sometimes help find suitable housing. This is the part that is hard. . building yourself up after you've left. That's why a lot of women don't leave an abusive husband.

Question: Do you ever do any follow-up counselling?

Answer: It's up to the woman, because some of them don't want to be contacted if they've gone back home. There is a group that meets every second Wednesday at Interval House, for women who are interested, and they are always welcome to drop in for a coffee.

Question: How many women can Interval House accomodate?

Answer: Right now, we have one woman and one child. We have six bedrooms. Each bedroom can accomodate one woman and her children.

Question: Are there any facilities for geographical relocation?

Answer: If someone wanted to go to another city, they could, in fact, go to another transition house and start from that house to establish themselves in that area. The welfare department or the Salvation Army sometimes will help pay for your bus fare to another area, if you are lacking in funds and are in a desperate situation.

Thank you very much Julia and Susan.

If anyone is interested in contacting Interval House, Kingston, there phone number is 546-1777

Interview by June Clay

Edited by Daryl Dollan

"The mass of men lead lives of quiet desperation."

Thoreau

BACK BEAT

Just good old rock 'n' roll! On Sunday night there was a dance in the gym, and a Toronto band, Back Beat, on their way home from the Rainbow Bar And Grill, in Montreal, stopped in and rocked on.

Ted Brown is the piano player, and Brian Galange plays the drums. Mr. Brian Ports plays bass guitar, and on lead guitar is Rico Gerussi. Dennis Martin is also a guitarist and leads most of the vocal arrangements.

The band was very well received here, as they were very versatile. Most of their songs were that good old rock 'n' roll, which we love, but they also played some country rock, and some blues.

The highlight of the dance was when Dennis Martin sang a song for Ms. Joanne Noble, our recreation officer, who was leaving, and Lucy getting her in the face with a cream pie.

In Toronto the band is into the bar scene: they have played at the Horseshoe Tavern, Route 66, Hotel California, the El Macombo, etc.

Vikki McCree also sang a few songs with the band, and, as usual, she was superb. Vikki is usually accompanied by our own band, The Bandits.

The music was great, everyone had a really good time, and thanks a lot, guys. Good luck.

Beverly Whitney
Editor



MEDIA REPORT TO WOMEN

For the first time in history, women will provide satellite coverage of a news event of major importance to them on a world-wide scale. Satellite transmission is being planned for women originated news at the UN Mid-Decade World Conference of Women to be held in Copenhagen, Denmark July 14-30, 1980. Founded on the basic principle that people should speak for themselves, the news coverage, features, and background information gathered by women of all nations in Copenhagen will be sent by satellite, diplomatic pouch, and other means to as many countries as possible for distribution through news outlets in each country.

Women are needed in print, cable, commercial and public broadcasting, and other media to get the daily dispatches to the public. There are no paid positions. All women work on the project because they wish to see this direct-from-the-source news coverage provided to the public. If you can help, or to find out what you can do, contact the Women's Institute for Freedom of the Press (3306 Ross Place, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20008), and/or attend the WIFP Conference April 12-13, 1980 at the National Press Club in Washington, DC. Its theme is building a Triple Network among feminist organizations, feminist media, and feminists in the mass media to expand the women's movement through wider distribution of feminist information and ideas. The major discussion April 13 is satellite coverage of the Copenhagen Conference.

The coverage will also be transmitted by domestic satellite to major cities in which women can gather to view and hear the World Conference reports and participate in mini-conference discussions of the same three themes of the Conference: employment, health, education. Women are also needed to organize these mini-conferences in this country and in others.

Joyce Devillez was imprisoned in her home for 23 years by a husband who beat her, tortured and sexually molested the children, and threatened to kill her and the children if she tried to leave. She is now sentenced to 15-25 years in an Indiana state prison. The Evansville Courier wrote the first thorough article about the case (by Maria Pojeta Hibbs, staff reporter) in July 1979. Indiana Governor refuses to grant clemency, saying "it is in society's best interests for Joyce to remain in prison." She has been there for over five years.

If you can cover this story, or otherwise help, contact Barbara J. Drake (her cousin) at 9 Chelton Road, Havertown, PA 19083 (215)446-8452 (home) or 227-2317 (office) for information.

I am working on a book about Women Who Kill in Self Defence. Women like Yvonne Wanrow, Inez Garcia, Joan Little, Dessie Woods and Janice Painter. The difficulty with such a project is that there is no source that systematically collects information about all such cases. Therefore, I would like to appeal to your readers to send me information pertaining to any woman who has killed the man or men assaulting her...I need help in tracking down sisters who've fought back. We need to know their stories, we need to give them our support. Thanks for your help.

- Susan Madden, 4351 Palatine Avenue, N., Seattle, WA 98103.

Funds are being sought for travel for women from Third World countries to attend the Mid-Decade Forum being conducted by the Conference of Non-Governmental Organizations (NGOs) independent of, but to run concurrently with, the United Nations World Conference of Women, July 14-30, 1980 in Copenhagen, Denmark. It is organized in consultation with the United Nations and the government of Denmark "to enable women and men from all geographic areas and diverse backgrounds to exchange information and perspectives on the situation of women of the Mid-Decade and devise strategies to change, particularly in those areas under discussion of the World Conference. The Forum will take no position on issues discussed and will not adopt formal resolutions in its own name." The goals of the UN Decade for Women are Equality, Development and Peace, with special emphasis in this Mid-Decade Conference on education, employment and health.

The UN Conference is a conference of government-selected delegates from each UN nation. The Forum will be made up of, in addition, "organization representatives, development workers, and authorities on the issues of the World Conference."

The Forum program will include cross-cultural dialogue, group meetings, working groups and workshops, round-tables, exhibits, films, other participant activities, a daily forum newspaper, and briefings on the UN World Conference proceedings. Main sessions will be interpreted in English, French and Spanish.

To contribute to the travel fund to make possible the participation of more Third World women, or for other information, including obtaining an application to attend the Forum, accommodations or meeting rooms, contact Elizabeth Palmer, NGO Mid-Decade Forum, Room 574, 600 Lexington Avenue, New York, NY 10022 (212)751-6850.

Women Make Movies is taking on new films and videotapes for distribution. We plan to increase our film collection by broadening the range of work we promote. We are interested in including 16mm documentary, experimental, animated and narrative films as well as 3/4" videotapes.

In the past, our films have won prizes at the American Film Festival, Nyon International Film Festival and Sinking Creek Film Celebration. They have been rented and sold to public libraries, museums, universities, national and community women's organizations, and have been aired on network television. We have developed an extensive mailing list and connections with national organizations which are particularly receptive to women's issues and independent film and video.

For information, contact Andrea Weiss at WMM, 257 West 19th Street, New York, NY 10011.

Understanding yourself, your goals, your interests, your problems is what Professional Women Photographers is all about. Through monthly dialogues, guest lecturers, and a bi-monthly newsletter, we get to know one another...

"The goal of PWP is to create an environment where women photographers can enjoy a rapport with other women photographers - successful, hardworking, ethical, and willing-to-share -- women photographers...The group has fluctuated and changed, but there has always been a spirit of cooperation, never competition. We help each other solve problems, find answers to questions, and function on a high level of professionalism. The sharing of experiences has helped

us all and served as a light to guide the way for even greater experiences in the challenging field of photography.

For information, or to join (send \$10), contact Coordinators Nickola Sargent and Dianora Niccolini, PWP, 525 West 23rd Street, New York, NY 10011 (212)989-9704.

We are pleased to announce The Crossing Press Feminist Series. This series will include two new books per season from Crossing, books that we will be distributing for other independent publishers and, of course, feminist titles from our backlist.

The Crossing Press' Spring 1980 Catalog announced: "New this year! We are distributing books for other independent publishers, including many feminist presses." A copy of the new catalog may be obtained from Editor Kate Dunn, The Crossing Press, Trmanskburg, NY 14886 (607)387-6217. Elaine and John Gill are the Editor & Publishers of The Crossing Press.

Gabrielle Cosgriff writes a regular column, "Media Matters" in the monthly Houston Breadthrough examining, analyzing and commenting on media performance locally and nationally, both in general reportage and in coverage of women's news, features, and portrayal. In the February 1980 issue, it occupied 9 columns on 2½ pages. The following is one of her smaller items:

"One of the most popular country and western songs just now is Coward of the County, which is about rape. It is a father's advice to his son that 'you don't have to fight to be a man.' So the son earns the name of coward, because he turns the other cheek, etc. - Until - he comes home one day to find his Becky has been raped by three loutish brothers, so he naturally whups their ass, and the song ends, 'Sometimes you have to fight to be a man'.

"Gail Padgett heard KIKK Radio d.j. John Harmon playing the song recently, and when it ended Harmon said, 'I wonder why Becky's smiling?' Padgett called Harmon, explained what was wrong with his remark, and was told, 'You're being a little sensitive, aren't you?' When Padgett commented that he wouldn't make a joke like that about child abuse, Harmon answered, 'Well, you've got a point, but this is different.'"

MEDIA REPORT TO WOMEN IS A PUBLICATION OF THE WOMEN'S
INSTITUTE FOR FREEDOM OF THE PRESS

FACTS - ACTIONS - IDEAS - PHILOSOPHY

LONGER THAN LIFE

Your life is mine, my life is yours
To get what we want, I must do my time.
I see in you, what you see in me.
The need for Love, and to be free.

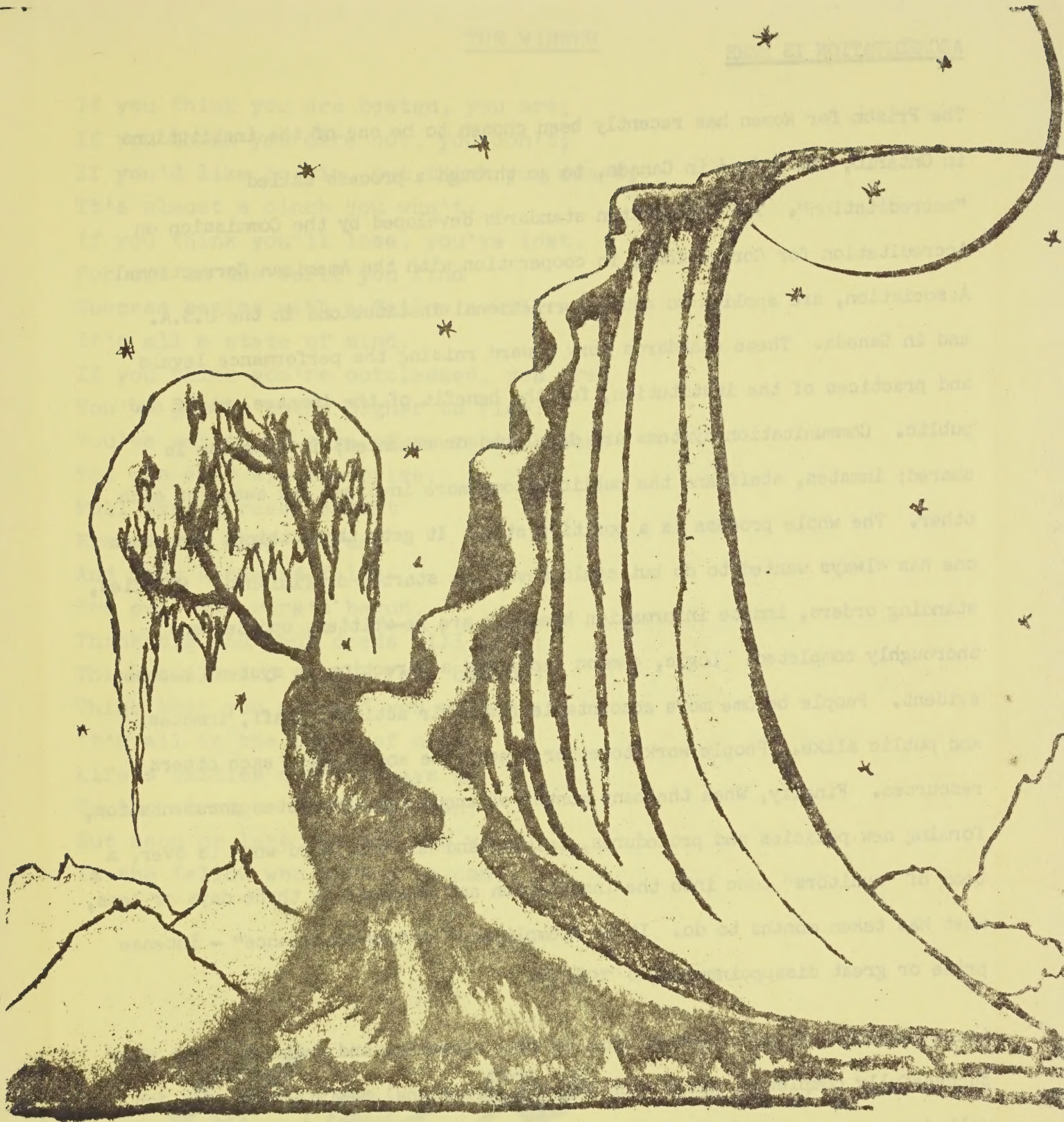
To you my Love, my needs are strong.
I'll always love and need you
Please don't do me wrong!

I can't stand to have my heart broken again
You and I are alike, our thoughts do meet.
Your truly beautiful in my eyes
I miss you so very much, your better than the rest.

A reflection of me, I see in you.
The beauty of togetherness, to hold true
Maybe God, put me, on this earth, to meet you.
He's done a good job after all these years
Please let us shed no tears.

I'll stay with you, if you'll stay with me.
To me I feel we'll be the best.
That in us, we'll go far and never rest
I'll love and need you forever
Love is Longer than Life.

--Joanne Achilles
1291



MY LOVE FOR YOU HAS NO LIMIT.
MY DESIRE TO BE FREE WITH YOU HAS NO LIMIT.
MY SOUL WANTS TO BE SOMEWHERE PEACEFUL,
WITH ONLY YOU.

I LOVE YOU SWEET TALK.
NO MORE CAN BE SAID,

ALWAYS YOUR PRETTY LADY.



ACCREDITATION IS HERE

The Prison for Women has recently been chosen to be one of the institutions in Ontario, and indeed in Canada, to go through a process called "accreditation". The 465 written standards developed by the Commission on Accreditation for Corrections, in cooperation with the American Correctional Association, are applied to adult correctional institutions in the U.S.A. and in Canada. These standards work toward raising the performance levels and practices of the institution, for the benefit of the inmates, staff and public. Communication systems are developed or enhanced; information is shared; inmates, staff and the public become more involved and aware of each other. The whole process is a positive step. It gets those things done that one has always wanted to do but could never get started or finished. Policies, standing orders, inmate information handouts are re-written, updated and thoroughly completed. Logic, common sense and a direction in systems becomes evident. People become more accountable for their actions; staff, inmates and public alike. People work together, recognize and utilize each others resources. Finally, when the many months of accumulating written documentation, forming new policies and procedures, talking and hours of hard work is over, a team of "auditors" come into the institution and evaluate in three days or less, what has taken months to do. It is "compliance" or "non-compliance" - intense pride or great disappointment.

Accreditation - it is a process that is time consuming and demanding, but when successfully completed, gives each a sense of personal satisfaction of a job well done.

Alix Jenkins

THE WINNER

If you think you are beaten, you are;
If you think you dare not, you don't;
If you'd like to win, but think you can't,
It's almost a cinch you won't.
If you think you'll lose, you've lost,
For out in the world you find
Success begins with a fellow's will —
It's all a state of mind.
If you think you're outclassed, you are;
You've got to think higher to rise;
You've got to be sure of yourself before
You can ever win the prize.
Full many a race is lost
Ere ever a step is run;
And many a coward falls
Ere ever his work's begun.
Think big and your deeds will grow;
Think small and you'll fall behind;
Think that you can and you will —
It's all in the state of mind.
Life's battles don't always go
To the stronger or faster man;
But soon or late the man who wins
Is the fellow who thinks he can.

Author Unknown



F E E L I N G S

Live all you can; it's a mistake not to.
It doesn't so much matter what you do
As long as you have your life, to do with it what you feel.
If you haven't had that, what have you had?
What one doesn't experience one loses!
Make no mistake about that.
The right time is anytime that one is still so lucky to have.
Live...

The most beautiful thing we can experience is the mysterious.
Can you love yourself without complaint?
Can you love yourself at all times?
Can we give and receive love?

Two roads stood before me.
I took the one less travelled upon.
That has made all the difference.
The choice is yours!
Fear is waiting to be replaced, by new exciting experiences.
This will bring pleasure into our lives.
We don't have to know where we're going,
As long as we're on our way.

-Joanne Achilles
#1291

62

ADDICTED

You take my hand and
Suddenly I'm in a bad movie.
It just goes on and on and on;
Why am I so fascinated?

I guess I have to face it:
I'm finally an addict;
Always I lead with my heart,
Always I end in silent pain.



WHEN I DIE

When I die, do not carve on wood
That she was honest or she was good.
Carve for me just seven words, words like these
That have more meaning than most things could:
She lived, she laughed and she understood.



FOR A FRIEND

Hello, my friend of long ago,
It's been a long, long time
Since I've had the pleasure of your thoughts
Which we've shared from time to time.
Now I think about your nice, warm heart
And all I feel is happiness.
I feel sad for not keeping in touch,
But I'm happy now that I'm writing.
You have filled my heart with so much love;
I feel so happy and content
Just loving you
And having you for my friend.

By Gay Wise



You were
 The center of my universe,
 The stars in my sky
 The smile upon my face
 The tear in my eye.
 You were
 The core of my existence,
 The very life within;
 The hapiness around me
 And everywhere I'd been.
 You were
 My lover,
 My companion,
 My partner, and
 My friend,
 You were, oh yes, you were,
 But you tore it all down.
 The way I feel about you now
 You might as well be dead and in the ground.

...Gay Wise

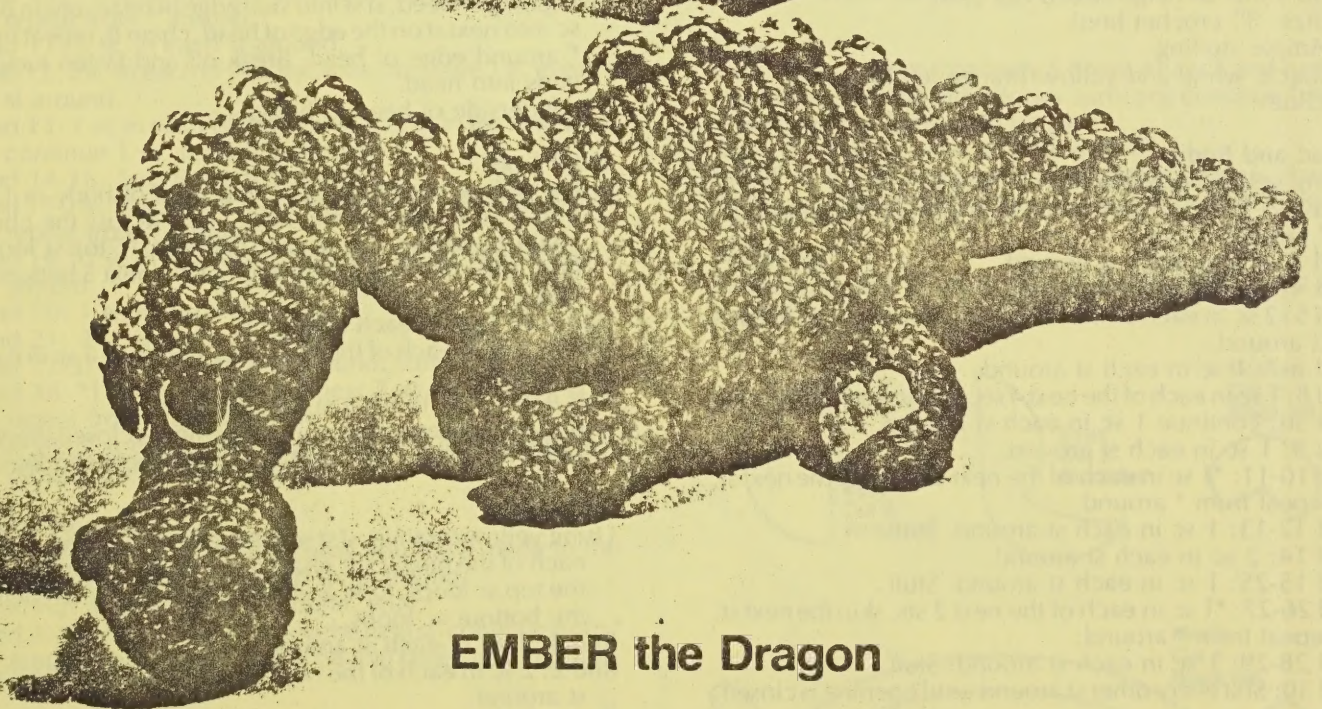
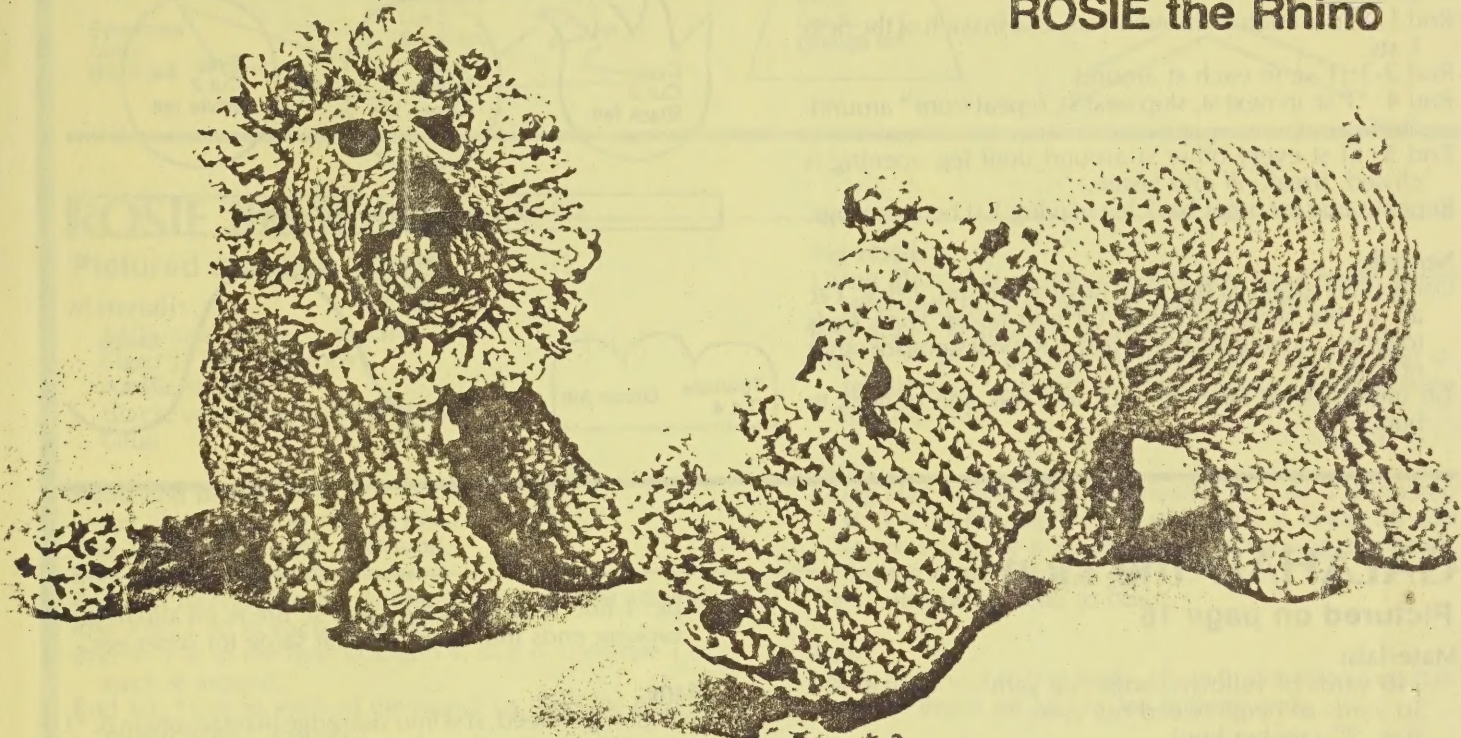


6A

more bark than bite

GALAHAD the Lion

ROSIE the Rhino



EMBER the Dragon

EMBER the Dragon

Rnd 3: *1 sc in next st, 2 sc in the next st, repeat from * around.

Rnd 4: 1 sc in each st around. Stuff.

Rnd 5: Sl st every other st around until leg opening is closed. Repeat same for other front leg leaving 1 st between legs.

Back Legs:

Using olive green, sl st sc into body at 38th rnd 11 times, chain 1 and turn. 1 sc in each of the next 5 bottom sc loops, turn, and continue 1 sc in each of the next 5 top sc loops.

Rnd 1: 1 sc in each of the next 5 sts, 2 sc in each of the next 5 sts.

Rnd 2-3: 1 sc in each st around.

Rnd 4: *1 sc in next st, skip next st, repeat from * around. Stuff.

Rnd 5: Sl st every other st around until leg opening is closed. Break off and fasten.

Repeat same for other back leg leaving 1 st between legs.

Nostrils:

Using olive green, sl st sc into nose at 3rd rnd, 1 hdc, 1 sc all in the same st. Break off and fasten tying ends together tucking ends into head. Repeat same for other nostril.

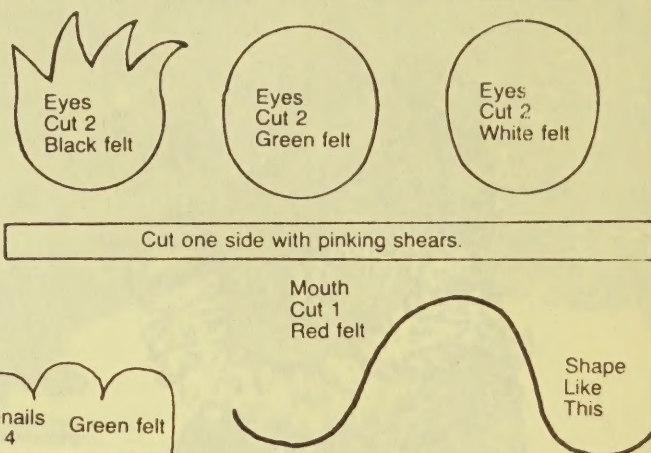
Tie underside of head to neck and top side of neck to body.

Trim:

Using light green, sl st sc into end of tail. In same st 1 hdc, a dc, 1 hdc, 1 sc all in same st, *1 sc in next st, 1 sc, 1 hdc, 1 dc, 1 hdc, 1 sc in the next st, repeat from * up tail, over back, up neck, and on to head. Break off and fasten.

Finishing:

Fasten and tuck all ends. Shape. Cut face and nails out of felt and glue on.



GALAHAD the Lion

Pictured on page 16

Materials:

140 yards of yellow/orange rug yarn
50 yards of beige tweed rug yarn
Size "J" crochet hook
Ample stuffing
Black, white and yellow/orange felt for face
Glue

Head and Body:

Using yellow/orange chain 4, sl st to join.

Rnd 1-2: *1 sc in the next st, 2 sc in the next st, repeat from * around.

Rnd 3: 2 sc in each st around.

Rnd 4: 1 sc in each st around.

Rnd 5: 2 sc in each of the next 8 sts, continue 1 sc in each st around.

Rnd 6-7: 1 sc in each st around.

Rnd 8: 1 sc in each of the next 4 sts, 2 sc in each of the next 4 sts, continue 1 sc in each st around.

Rnd 9: 1 sc in each st around.

Rnd 10-11: *1 sc in each of the next 2 sts, skip the next st, repeat from * around.

Rnd 12-13: 1 sc in each st around. Stuff.

Rnd 14: 2 sc in each st around.

Rnd 15-25: 1 sc in each st around. Stuff.

Rnd 26-27: *1 sc in each of the next 2 sts, skip the next st, repeat from * around.

Rnd 28-29: 1 sc in each st around. Stuff.

Rnd 30: Sl st every other st around until opening is closed.

Ears:

Using yellow/orange, sl st sc into 8th rnd, 1 sc, 1 hdc, 3

dc, 1 hdc, 1 sc all in the same st. Break off and fasten tucking ends into head. Repeat same for other ear.

Mane:

Using beige tweed, sl st into side edge of head, chain 8, *1 sc into next st on the edge of head, chain 8, repeat from * around edge of head. Break off and fasten tucking ends into head.

Tie underside of head to body.

Front Legs:

Using yellow/orange, sl st sc into front of body in 18th rnd, 1 sc in each of the next 11 sts across the chest, chain 1 and turn. 1 sc in each of the next 5 top sc loops, turn, and continue 1 sc in each of the next 5 bottom sc loops.

Rnd 1-7: 1 sc in each st around.

Rnd 8: 2 sc in each of the next 5 sts, continue 1 sc in each st around.

Rnd 9-10: 1 sc in each st around. Stuff.

Rnd 11: Sl st every other st until opening is closed. Repeat same for other front leg leaving 1 st between legs.

Back Legs:

Using yellow/orange, sl st sc into body in 27th rnd, 1 sc in each of the next 9 sts, chain 1 and turn. 1 sc in each of the top sc loops, turn, and continue with 1 sc in each of the bottom sc loops.

Rnd 1: 1 sc in each st around.

Rnd 2: 2 sc in each of the next 5 sts, continue 1 sc in each st around.

Rnd 3-5: 1 sc in each st around. Stuff.

Rnd 6: Sl st every other st until opening is closed.

GALAHAD the Lion

Tail:

Using yellow/orange, sl st sc into back of body 6 times in a small circle.

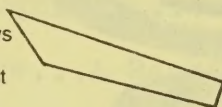
Rnd 1-8: 1 sc in each st around. Break off.

Using beige tweed continue *chain 8, 1 sc in the next st, repeat from * in each st around. Break off and fasten tying ends together and tucking ends.

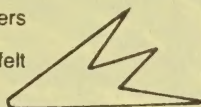
Finishing:

Fasten and tuck all ends. Shape. Cut face out of felt and glue on.

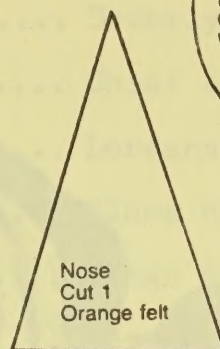
Eyebrows
Cut 2
Black felt



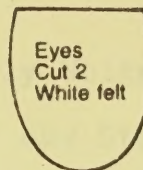
Whiskers
Cut 2
Black felt



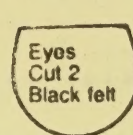
Nose
Cut 1
Orange felt



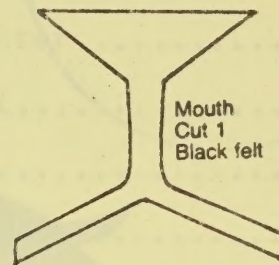
Eyes
Cut 2
White felt



Eyes
Cut 2
Black felt



Mouth
Cut 1
Black felt



ROSIE the Rhino

Pictured on page 16

Materials:

140 yards of lilac rug yarn
Size "J" crochet hook
Ample stuffing
Black, white and felt for face
Glue

Head and Body:

Using lilac, chain 4, sl st to join.

Rnd 1-3: 2 sc in each st around.

Rnd 4-5: 1 sc in each st around.

Rnd 6: Chain 6 skip 6, continue 1 sc in each st around.

Rnd 7-8: 1 sc in each st around.

Rnd 9: 1 sc in the next st, chain 4, skip 4, continue 1 sc each st around.

Rnd 10: *1 sc in each of the next 2 sts, Skip the next st, repeat from * around.

Rnd 11: 1 sc in each st around.

Rnd 12: 2 sc in each of the next 6 sts, continue 1 sc in each st around.

Rnd 13: 1 sc in each of the next 4 sts, 2 sc in the next 6 sts, continue 1 sc in each st around

Rnd 14-16: 1 sc in each st around.

Rnd 17-18: *1 sc in each of the next 2 sts, skip the next st, repeat from * around.

Rnd 19: *1 sc in the next st, skip the next st, repeat from * around.

Rnd 20: 1 sc in each st around.

Rnd 21: 2 sc in each st around.

Rnd 22-37: 1 sc in each st around. Stuff.

Rnd 38: *1 sc in each of the next 2 sts, Skip the next st, repeat from * around. Stuff.

Rnd 39: Sl st every other st around until body opening is closed. Break off and fasten.

Small Horn:

Using lilac, sl st sc into opening you have made in the nose (rnd 9), 1 sc in each loop around.

Rnd 1-2: 1 sc in each st around. Stuff.

Rnd 3: *1 sc in the next st, skip the next st, continue from * around until closed. Break off and fasten tucking ends.

Big Horn:

Using lilac, sl st sc into opening you have made in the nose (rnd 6), 1 sc in each loop around.

Rnd 1-3: 1 sc in each st around. Stuff.

Rnd 4: *1 sc in each of the next 2 sts, skip the next st, repeat from * around until closed. Break off and fasten tucking ends.

Ears:

Using lilac, sl st sc into top of head, 1 sc, 1 dc, 1 tc in same st, 3 tc in next st, 1 dc, 1 sc in next st, break off and fasten tying the ends together and tucking into head. Repeat same for other ear.

Tie underside of head to body.

Tail:

Using lilac, sl st sc into body, chain 9, sl st into same st in body. Break off and fasten tucking ends.

Legs:

Using lilac, sl st sc into body 5 times, chain 1 and turn. 1 sc in each of the top sc loops, turn, and continue 1 sc in each of the bottom sc loops.

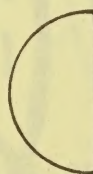
Rnd 1-6: 1 sc in each st around. Stuff.

Rnd 7: Sl st every other st around until opening is closed. Break off and fasten. Repeat same for other 3 legs.

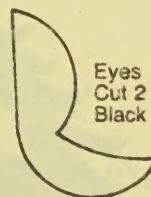
Finishing:

Fasten and tuck all ends. Shape. Cut face out of felt and glue on.

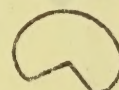
Eyes
Cut 2
White felt



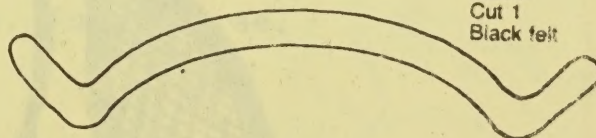
Eyes
Cut 2
Black felt



Nostrils
Cut 2
Black felt



Mouth
Cut 1
Black felt





By Monica
McGuire
Native Sister.

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EDITOR'S NOTE

Many thanks to Donna Dumbleton, Circulation Processing Clerk, Special Collections, Douglas Library, at Queen's University, for bringing to our attention errors in our Volume Number and Issue Number.

The correct number is now Volume Six, Number Three.

EDITOR'S NOTES

The Editorship of Native News is being turned over to a native women, Liz Anaskan. After thinking about this section I felt it should be turned over completely to the native population. Every Tightwire from now on will have fourteen pages allotted for native news.

Also an oversight was made in the last issue and Monica McGuire's name was not mentioned as one of our artists. A special thanks goes out to her for the title page of the Native News section.

Editor
B. Whitney



Jane Billings '80



PSALM 23: INDIAN VERSION

The Great Father above a Shepherd Chief is,
I am His and with Him I want not.
He throws out to me a rope, and the name of the rope is Love,
And He draws me and He draws me and He draws me
To where the grass is green and the water not dangerous,
And I eat and lie down satisfied.

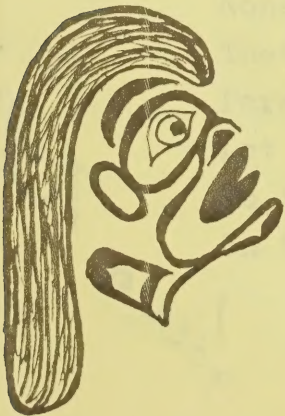
Sometimes my heart is very weak and falls down,
But He lifts it up again and draws me into a good road.
His name is Wonderful.

Sometime, it may be very soon, it may be longer,
It may be a long, long time,
He will draw me into a place between mountains.
It is dark there, but I'll draw back not,
I'll be afraid not, for it is in there between those mountains,
that the Shepherd Chief wills me,
And the hunger I have felt in my heart all through this life
Will be satisfied.

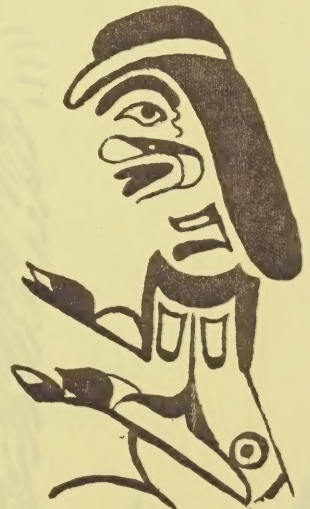
Sometimes He makes the rope into a whip,
But afterwards He gives me a staff to lean on.
He spreads a table before me with all kinds of food.
He puts His hand on my head, and all the "tired" is gone.
My cup He fills 'til it runs over.

What I tell you is true. I lie not.
These roads that are "away ahead" will stay with me through this life,
And afterward I will go to live in the "big teepee",
And sit down with the Shepherd Chief forever.

Amen.



By Chief Jay Strongbow.





Hand-drawn

Paradise In The Sky



Some of us
Never cease to fuss
About where we will be
When our time is set for thee.
How I would like to hike;
To be in that place, without a trace,
They call Paradise in the sky.

No more sorrow,
Or any morrow;
Just love and happiness.
None of this shabbiness
That we call earth:
Paradise in the sky.
Let me come in the night
To that wonderful place
In the sky.

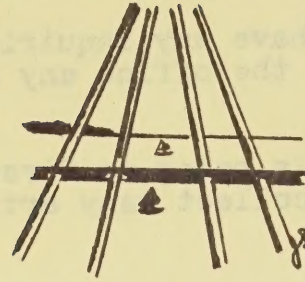
Clara Kummel



MY RANGE. . .A RANGE

Beyond the bars
I look to see
That tiny island
I call Capri
The bay waters ripple
Reflecting sun beams
Creating within me
Countless dreams
The place called the Range
Wherein I dwell
It's view warmest heaven
Blotting out hell
I sail the waters
And float through the sky
Beyond memorable pains
A natural high
Dancing with angels
You've never seen
For I am the dreamer
I always have been

Ausie



FOCUS ON YOU

I've been asked to submit an article about my exercise class.

To begin with, it isn't my exercise class, it's for whoever makes it. I began this activity in the gym strictly for my own personal benefit, not counting on anyone to support it.

It was designed to alleviate anxiety, frustration, depression and whatever else that may trouble you on the inside. With concentrating on what you are doing to perform the exercise properly, there is no room left to ponder over worrisome thoughts. Your mind becomes free, if only for a short period of time.

Others saw what I was doing, joined me, and after a while not only did they notice their bodies responding and shaping up, but they noticed also what it did for their spirit, and became loyal to themselves by coming out almost every night of the week.

I stopped for a while, only to concentrate my efforts towards volley ball, and now that the season is almost over, I shall resume where I left off.

Anyone is welcome to join me after 6:00 p.m. in the gym; my only request is that you are sincere in whatever it is you wish to receive from this hour of vigorous working out.

Simply, it's meant to focus on you.

By Kas

EDITORIAL

Thanks to Bev I have gained a position with Tightwire as the editor of the Native News. I will do my best to have articles printed concerning Native people and what's happening to us inside and outside.

If you have any inquiries about this section of Tightwire, feel free to drop in the office any afternoon of the week, or write me a letter about it.

With this being my first time with the Native News, I have been unable to collect many articles. I hope to have more articles for the next issue.

'Til then I remain

J. Anaskan

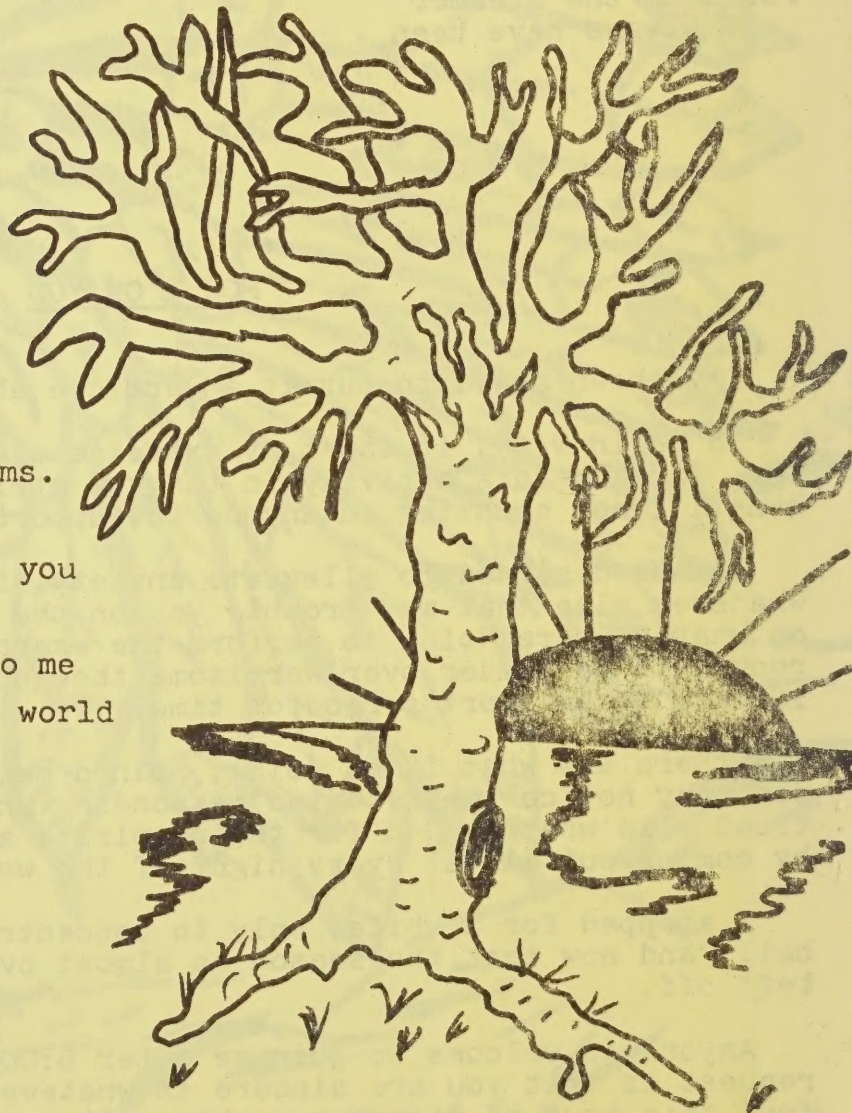
For Peter Desjarlais

When the evening sun sets
And the darkness wraps its hold
On the night
Do not be afraid
I will comfort you in your dreams.

I wish I could be there to hold you
When you awaken
To tell you how much you mean to me
I would give up anything in the world
Just to be with you.

Just knowing that you care
And knowing that some day soon
We can be together
Keeps me going
From day to day.

J. Anaskan



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